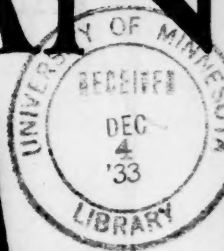


THE CANADIAN FORUM



A Monthly Journal of Literature and Public Affairs



Modern Architecture and Archaeology

The C.C.F. and Alberta Politics

British Columbia Goes Liberal

Liberal Yellow Book ?

A Prayer-Medley



PRICE 25¢ YEARLY 2.00
Published by J.M.Dent and Sons, Limited
Aldine House, 224 Bloor St. W. Toronto.

DECEMBER - 1933

Vol. XIV. No. 159

THE HAYNES PRESS PRINTERS

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THE CANADIAN FORUM

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TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1933

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ELECTIONS AND BY-ELECTIONS

ONE conclusion to be drawn from the results of the three federal by-elections and of the British Columbia provincial contest is so obvious as to need no emphasizing here. That is the awful slaughter which awaits the Conservative party when Mr. Bennett ventures to go to the country and the Canadian people can at last take advantage of an open season for Tories across the whole Dominion. Some other deductions from the elections perhaps need more emphasis. In the two constituencies in eastern Canada where the Liberals won, the issue was dependent upon the French vote. Many observers thought that Mr. Bennett's comparative success in Quebec in 1930 indicated that the long Liberal domination there was disintegrating; but, if these two by-elections are symptomatic, we may conclude that the Liberals can still count upon a pretty solid French-Canadian support. This means that the next Liberal government of Mr. King, like the last one, will depend for half or more of its votes in the Commons upon the Quebec Liberal machine, the most reactionary and corrupt in Canada. In these circumstances can we imagine Mr. King overcoming both his own native timidity and the opposition of Taschereau-St. James Street pressure sufficiently to carry through any of those measures of social control and planning which are being advocated by his more progressive followers?

* * *

THE Mackenzie result was certainly a disappointment to the C.C.F. forces who, in the early weeks of the campaign, had expected victory. No doubt Mr. Stubbs made too much of his own personal grievances. But before we accept the result as meaning that the farmers of the Prairie prefer safe and sane middle-of-the-road Liberalism to extreme Socialism, let us remind ourselves of a few features of the local situation. In the first place about two-fifths of the electorate did not vote at all. In the second place there is a large 'foreign' population in the riding, and no one who has lived in the West needs to be told that the blocs of European settlers on the Prairie think even less about 'isms' when they vote than do the native Canadians. We suspect that the real explanation of the vote in Mackenzie is to be found in the news despatch to the *Winnipeg Free Press* after the poll. (The news columns of the *Free Press* in these days are much more enlightening than its editorial page.):—

In the Mackenzie election the Doukhobors voted for Mr. Stubbs, but the Ukrainians for the most part supported MacMillan the Liberal. The Icelanders and the Swedish electors, it would seem, strongly backed the C.C.F. candidate, with the Norwegian electors, generally speaking, voting Liberal. What the Swedish and Icelandic voters will do in the next provincial election is not definitely known, but just now it looks as if they may continue to give their allegiance to the C.C.F. cause. As for the Ukrainians, it is very likely that, wherever strong enough, they will insist on nominating their own men. Most of their leaders are Liberals, and for this reason it is more than an even chance that the Liberal party will get their votes.

Here is clearly the voice of a realist.

* * *

IN British Columbia the C.C.F. candidates secured roughly one-third of the votes even though they only won a half dozen seats. The latest figures, unofficial, that we have seen are those of the *Vancouver Sun*, which gives 113,150 votes to the Liberals, 91,889 to the C.C.F. (including the 'Independent' C.C.F.), and 65,502 to all others. We are still waiting for the *Winnipeg Free Press* to point out, in accordance with its usual practice in the past, how this election once more demonstrates the need for Proportional Representation. Certainly the votes that it secured should cause no discouragement to the British Columbia section of the C.C.F. The real blow of the B.C. election falls upon the C.C.F. in Eastern Canada. The insane remarks which were reported in eastern papers as emanating from the wild men of the Pacific coast will cost the C.C.F. quite a few seats in Ontario unless it is made clear that irresponsible talk of this kind meets with the emphatic disapproval of the C.C.F. national leaders. It is true that none of the proposals or promises from C.C.F. candidates were any more fantastic than the schemes of the Liberal leader to finance the province by non-interest-bearing bonds (if this is what he did propose). But everybody knows that Liberal and Conservative leaders in office will do exactly what the banks tell them to do, and so what they may say on the hustings doesn't matter.

CRY HAVOC!

THE season of the Armistice services was chosen by local militia units in Toronto to put on a two-nights military performance for the delectation of the citizens. Most of the commemoration services were, this year, as usual, the occasion of militaristic displays by half-trained cannon-fodder and of patriotic ranting by nationalistic clergymen.

Nevertheless no one would deny that most Canadians have a genuine passion for peace. But we have never given much thought to the conditions which must be realized if world peace is to be achieved for our generation. Just at present there is an agitation developing in Canada which illustrates the superficial character of our thinking on these topics. The Canadian representative at Geneva this year came out strongly for the abolition of the private manufacture of armaments, and all the best people are rushing to put themselves behind this cause. Undoubtedly one of the main forces which stir up wars would be eliminated if the world got rid of Vickers and Schneider-Creusot and Krupp. But it is very easy for us in Canada to be virtuous on this question since we have no armament factories here; and our virtue is apt to seem to European eyes just a little too much in the line of our famous speech about the three thousand miles of undefended frontier. It so happens that Canada controls one particular metal which is essential in armament manufacture — nickel. Production of nickel during the last half of 1933 has been going on at a rate equal to that of the peak year of 1929. Since there has not been a sudden revival in the demand for nickel for peaceful uses, there cannot be any doubt what lies behind the feverish activity of Sudbury. But is the Canadian government or are the Canadian people prepared to take any steps to control the export of nickel? Of course not. We immediately begin to think of excuses. It would be difficult to separate the munitions demand from the bath-room fixture demand; it would be difficult to trace the nation to which the nickel eventually went; etc., etc. Excuses like these are exactly what Great Britain advances when Vickers is mentioned. We should have the honesty to recognize that when we preach to Britain and France about the private manufacture of armaments and do nothing ourselves about International Nickel, we are simply indulging in the old Puritan hypocrisy of compounding for sins we are inclined to by damning those we have no mind to.

'A FEW DOLLARS A WEEK'

MR. BENNETT'S temper becomes worse and worse as the months slip by and nothing improves except our trade balance. His outburst on his western tour about journalistic critics who only earn a few dollars a week would be stored up by his opponents as having the same damning possibilities as Mr. King's famous five-cent speech, were it not for the certainty that Mr. Bennett will let slip something still worse before the next general election is over. A man who was sensitive to public opinion would have apologized for this slip of the tongue at Saskatoon, but Mr. Bennett is too thoroughly insulated in his own self esteem to understand the effect which his contemptuous reference to men who are poorer than himself was likely to have. Little unpremeditated slips like this reveal more of the real man than hours of oratory. And the hard truth about Mr. Bennett is that he does think that the opinions of poor people are not worth listening to. We have never had a political leader in Canada who so absolutely believed in the divine right of the rich. But as the shadow of an approach-

ing general election casts itself over the political landscape, the Prime Minister should think seriously of summoning his brother-in-law back from Washington. Mr. Herridge is the only adviser with any political sense to whom Mr. Bennett is likely to listen. And if we may judge from the Prime Minister's speeches during this summer and autumn, it is high time that he was letting Mr. Herridge compose them again as he did in 1930.

R. B. BENNETT—PENOLOGIST

MR. BENNETT'S answer to a group within the United Church of Canada, which had forwarded to him a resolution asking for a government investigation into prisons, penitentiaries, and the whole question of convicted persons in this country, will give small comfort to the increasingly large number of Canadians who feel that the penal system of this Dominion stands in need of drastic modernization. For Mr. Bennett, God is in his Heaven and all is right with the world he rules, even if that world includes Kingston, Stoney Mountain, St. Vincent de Paul, and all the other little hells where criminal traits are carefully tended to their finest flowering. Mr. Bennett's answer was a categorical 'No'. There will be no investigation, no royal commission, because there is no need of any. But even in his downright negative the Prime Minister lets the cat out of the bag by condescending to give his own views on the social functions of the prison sentence. These are, *in order of importance*, (a) punishment, (b) deterrent example and (c) reformation. In other words, Mr. Bennett shows himself the fine old crusted Tory even in the realm of penology. Read his three points in reverse order—reformation, deterrent example, punishment—and you have at least a somewhat more intelligent approach to the whole question. Mr. Bennett has simply stood the pyramid on its apex and as long as he is there to prop it up in that eccentric position prison reformers are simply wasting their breath. The moral seems fairly obvious.

DAYS OF RECKONING

WITH the opening of Congress the programme of President Roosevelt enters a new and precarious phase. Hitherto he has exercised a personal initiative and control unchecked by anything except his own judgement. The special session of Congress last summer granted him practically all the powers he deemed necessary to carry out a programme of rehabilitation. He has had nearly six months in which to apply that programme. He has cajoled or threatened the forces of banking, industry, and agriculture. He has appealed to the emotions and the prejudices of the general public. He has undoubtedly overstepped the bounds of the Constitution, in the hope that his measures may have the desired effect before the Supreme Court can impose a judicial veto. Not for a long time has the national life been so active and turbulent as during this drastic experiment. Now he has to give an account of his stewardship. It is certain that large elements in Congress will find that account unsatisfactory. The N.R.A. has achieved no millen-

nium, nor is any such achievement in immediate prospect. Farm prices have risen, but other prices have risen more rapidly. Industry was stimulated to a brief upturn whose speculative quality is now bringing its nemesis. Labour has not always been wise in the exploitation of its new position nor appreciative of the Presidential attitude. Unemployment, though it may have been reduced, still remains a major problem. Under these circumstances the claim that industry is being hampered by government interference and will recover if it is only left alone, though such a claim may be wildly at variance with all available facts, is certain to find strong advocates in Congress. The future of the Roosevelt programme is now in the balance. Perhaps in another month there will be nothing left but the ruins.

EXPLOITATION, UNLIMITED

ONE sign that the N.R.A. appears to be tottering is the way in which the vultures are beginning to gather in preparation for its collapse. The most notable indication is the emergence of the Swope plan for self-governing industry to replace the present limited measure of state control. If this is to be the outcome of Roosevelt's policy, the last state of the nation will indeed be worse than its first. The N.R.A. allowed the suspension of the anti-trust laws at the price of government dictation over industry. The Swope plan, whatever theoretic safeguards it may contain in the way of national councils with government representation, will in effect abandon government control while retaining its sanction of bigger if not better trusts. No wonder the plan has been hailed with enthusiasm by the captains of industry and finance. There is, of course, a great deal to be said for the corporate structure of the nation's economic activities as an essential to any programme of national planning. But only government control can prevent such a structure from becoming a super-feudal organization for the exploitation of the worker and the consumer and the average investor. A public which has immediately before it the account of what happened in the late lamented boom, as revealed by the Senate investigation, ought surely to think twice before paving the way for a repetition of such practices on a vastly extended scale. The success of the N.R.A. may still be doubtful. But the solution is certainly not to hand the nation over to the tender mercies of the Insulls and the Mitchells and the Wiggins.

A GREAT OPPORTUNITY

THE Government of Ontario has recently announced its intention of opening a road through the southern portion of Algonquin Park. The decision was arrived at in the face of much reasonable opposition; but, if reports are true that the railway service into the park is to be discontinued owing to lack of traffic, it would seem to be inevitable: park headquarters and the cottages within the park boundaries will need some means of communication with the outside world. But it is to be hoped that the innovation will not be taken as a precedent for the building of side-roads to the re-

moter portions of the park. With roads, the secluded attraction of a large area of forest, lake, and stream will vanish forever. From its foundation the park has been something of an anomaly: it is a game preserve, but wolves and other 'vermin' are shot and trapped by the rangers; it is a provincial park, but lumber companies and cottagers have been granted leases. What is needed for its future preservation is a firm policy of protection, and its final establishment as a sanctuary for all forms of wild life, both animal and vegetable. No new leases or rights of any kind should be granted, and cottages hereafter should be confined to the boundaries; travel within the park, except by officials between headquarters and the outside, should be confined to waterways and trails; and, most important of all, every native species of bird, fish, and animal, tree and plant should be protected from all human interference so that nature could re-establish its own fundamental balance. If such a policy were carried out, Algonquin Park in a generation would be as famous and powerful an attraction as the Kruger National Park in Africa or the Whipsnade 'zoo' in England. Tourists, cottagers, botanists, zoologists, field-naturalists, artists, all would flock to its borders, and the hardier of them would have available an unparalleled district for canoe trips. The overflow of game, furbearers, and indeed all forms of wild life would enrich many square miles of surrounding country. As for the cost of maintaining a competent staff of rangers, it would be returned tenfold by receipts from travel permits, leases, and additional tourist traffic. Here is a great opportunity which only awaits a far-seeing administration.

L.S.R.

THE League for Social Reconstruction, which has now been in existence for a year and a half, is trying at present to extend the scope of its activities. It already has branches in most of the main cities of Canada and its members have played an active part in the C.C.F. movement both in eastern and in western Canada. Members of the Toronto branch are just now giving a series of broadcasts every Sunday afternoon over the Radio Commission station, CRCT, on the topic of 'The Depression and the Way Out'. The national organization is engaged upon a campaign to raise funds for the setting up of a central office with a full-time secretary and staff, through which the League's work of education and propaganda can be more effectively carried on. In the confusion of violent and half-baked debate upon our national problems in which all parties, including the C.C.F., are vigorously participating at present, there is need for the injection of a little intelligent and well-informed discussion. The League has in preparation a book on the economic situation in Canada which it hopes to publish shortly, as well as a series of pamphlets. For these and other activities money is badly needed, and the League at present is appealing to friends across the Dominion. Its headquarters are at 97 George Street, Toronto.

Will subscribers kindly notify us of any change of address.

CANADIANA

A sidelight on how our Mr. Bennett spends his days, as reported in the *Toronto Star* of November 8th:—

Having discovered a lost tribe in the Himalayas, possessing the ancient Chaldean secrets of longevity, Miss Jill Crossley-Batt interviewed the prime minister today with the object of making these secrets a part of Canada's educational system, and lengthening the span of life to 130 years. The maintenance of the vital chemical constituents of the body by the use of the proper constituents in tree plants, herbs and other natural sources is the basic secret, Dr. Crossley-Batt told the *Star*.

* * *

JADED EX-PRESIDENT THRILLED BY SNOW

Winter came as an unpleasant surprise to Montrealers, because of its early advent, but to a visitor here, the snow was a revelation and a thrill.

General Machado, erstwhile power in Cuba, but now a fugitive in Montreal, saw snow for the first time in his varied life on Tuesday—and has been studying it since. Lack of comment proved the general's puzzlement.

Seasonal note from the *Montreal Star* of October 26th.

The University of Toronto undergraduate paper chronicles the progressive ideas of Dr. G. F. Rogers, Chief Director of Schools for Ontario, in its issue of November 1st:—

Dr. Rogers wondered if the high schools were fitting the girls for the task of being homemakers and mothers. He requested that girls have a knowledge of household budgeting, nursing, dietetics, 'just plain cooking', needlework, decorating, art, music, literature, etc. 'I am just old-fashioned enough to believe that the home is the only thing that will save civilization,' Dr. Rogers asserted.

* * *

Tid-bit from the society chit-chat column of the *Toronto Star* of November 11th.

Mrs. Wallace Robinson is back in town after 15 months travelling on the continent—a little dismayed at the snow. She spent three months in Italy just before returning, and says it was just like summer there, warm and sunny. She loved Rome. Wally went over this past summer and they spent two months or so flying over Europe, spending days, weeks or just hours in the spots that appealed to them. Of her trip into Russia when she flew from Berlin, Loraine says it was very depressing and she has no desire to return. She went on a government tour. '—You see only what they want you to, but that was enough for me,' she said. Among the enthusiastic greetings Loraine got when she returned after her long sojourn away was that of her pet chow who knew her immediately. . . .

BRITISH COLUMBIA GOES LIBERAL

By F. H. SOWARD

BRITISH COLUMBIA has just emerged from the most exciting and unusual election in its history. The complete *debacle* of the Conservative party, which did not even officially contest the election, the first attempt on the part of the C.C.F. to test public opinion on a wide scale, the spectacle of a Cabinet Minister elected as a Conservative, retaining membership in a Unionist government while running as an Independent created such a lively interest in politics that the voters marched to the polls in record numbers to pick the winners among the 200 odd candidates.

Like the rest of Canada, this province is normally charitable to a government and gives it plenty of time to encompass its own destruction. Thus, when party labels were first adopted in 1903, the Conservative party succeeded in holding power for thirteen years under the leadership of dashing Dick McBride and his lieutenant, W. J. Bowser. Then it was the Liberals' turn and they enjoyed the sweets of office until 1928 when the Conservatives returned with 35 members in a Legislature of 48.

Everything seemed rosy when the new government took office. The Prime Minister, Dr. S. F. Tolmie, was probably the most popular man in the province. A native son whose father had been a Hudson's Bay Company official, he had been literally shoved into Dominion politics in 1917 when a coalition candidate was wanted in Victoria. After a brief term as Minister of Agriculture in the Meighen government he had served as national organizer for the Conservative party. He had again been drafted for service when the provincial Conservatives in the Kamloops convention had been unable to select a leader to replace Mr. Bowser who had been beaten in the 1924 election. A bluff kindly veterinary doc-

tor, transparently honest, and happiest in the company of stock breeders with whom he could discuss the good points of a Holstein cow and crack his famous joke about 'dehorned strawberries', Dr. Tolmie seemed destined in the boom days of 1928 to enjoy a goodly inheritance. Some who knew him well were a little uneasy but hoped for the best. Thus the chief editorial writer of the *Vancouver Province*, the paper most responsible for his election—and for his present plight—commented guardedly, 'If he can exert a strength comparable with his geniality and his honesty he should make history in his native province.' How big that 'if' was only time revealed.

The Premier began by nominating a Cabinet of 11, a ridiculous figure which indicated his dislike of saying 'No'. Two Ministers were very wealthy men whose campaign contributions had presumably inflated their political availability. One was appointed Minister of Finance on the theory that a man who has made a million should be a great financier. Within two years he had demonstrated the falsity of that reasoning to the satisfaction of all and gladly retired to the empty office of President of the Council. The Attorney-General was a Tory die-hard of the sporting type whose greatest enthusiasm was the game board and greatest source of worry the Doukhobors. The Minister of Education, having failed to find complete satisfaction for his undoubted talents in the Church, the Army, and the legal profession, plunged with enthusiasm into his new duties but was more successful in alienating teachers, the University, and friends of education, than in accomplishing any lasting reforms. There were good Conservatives in the Legislature, not of Cabinet rank, who foresaw trouble but they could not pierce

the Prime Minister's easy optimism or shake his trust in the advice of 'Sam' Howe or 'Harry' Pooley.

Even the depression failed to make a speedy impression upon the Premier. Like Mr. Mackenzie King he had a genius for ignoring unpleasant facts. The first real shock came in the Federal Elections of 1930 when Greater Vancouver and the Fraser Valley which had returned a solid block for Tolmie went almost unanimously Liberal and Labour. Even Harry Stevens went down to defeat, and staunch Conservatives began to whisper that Victoria was to blame for B.C. being out of step with Ottawa. The Cabinet was re-organized and a belated attempt made to curb expenditures, which was of course nullified by the rising costs of unemployment in a province that had been hit a stunning blow by the Smoot-Hawley tariff, the blasting policies of Mr. Bennett, and the declining prices for minerals. To put it charitably, relief was bungled in a fashion which so exasperated Ottawa that the two Conservative governments were scarcely on speaking terms. New taxes had to be imposed, and 'Jimmy' Jones, who had taken manfully the thankless post of Minister of Finance, gained the sobriquet of 'One per cent. Jones' after he imposed an additional tax of one per cent. on all incomes and compelled employers to act as collectors. Business men became restless and forced the government in 1932 to accept a Commission, modelled on the May Commission of English fame, which investigated government expenditures. Its report made melancholy reading, but in its eagerness to avoid new taxation the Kidd Committee attacked education and the social services so sharply that a fierce opposition arose which rescued the government from a highly embarrassing position. Then came the blessed proposal of 'Union'.

This idea was fathered by the *Vancouver Province*, Warwick among B.C. newspapers, which had noticed the success of 'national' appeals in Britain and Australia, and was only too conscious of the unpopularity of the Tolmie government. Its scouts had also reported that Mr. Bowser, who had never forgiven his supersession at Kamloops, was preparing to stage a comeback and rally the disaffected Conservatives around him. Dr. Tolmie was induced to invite Mr. Bowser and the Liberal leader, T. D. Pattullo, to join him in a coalition government to face the financial crisis. The implication was of course that Dr. Tolmie would remain Prime Minister. Both 'handed back the poisoned chalice', the one to launch a non-partisan group which contained a few disaffected Liberals, the other to cheer the ranks of the Liberals by the prospect of victory that could not long be delayed. The Premier was left 'all dressed up and nowhere to go'. Had he withdrawn his offer, dissolved the House, and fought on party lines he might have had a chance of success. But he chose to temporize, to negotiate, and to endure humiliation after humiliation. The Conservative Association did not go over to Mr. Bowser but it decided not to contest the election officially. The last session of the House in the winter of 1933 was an unparalleled scene of party dissension, Cabinet intrigue, and administrative weakness. When the House dissolved it was apparent that only a minority of the Cabinet and none in the House would fight the election as Unionist. Later the Premier recruited two victims from Vancouver to replenish

his Cabinet, who were described by one wit as 'pallbearers for the Tolmie government'.

On Nomination day no less than 219 Candidates presented themselves eager to save the country. The Liberals were able to nominate in every riding and had strengthened their position by bringing forth new candidates against whom there could be no cry of 'machine politician'. Significantly enough two came from the ranks of University professors. One, Dr. G. M. Weir, was head of the Department of Education in the University, and his nomination was regarded as tantamount to appointment as Minister of Education if the Liberals were elected. He polled the largest vote in the election and ran 2,000 votes ahead of his fellow Liberals in the riding. The other was Dr. Allen Harris, a brilliant young chemist whom the University had been compelled to release in 1932 after its budget had been cut over 50%. He had the satisfaction of defeating the Minister of Finance. The Liberals did not escape dissension and in three ridings at least, disgruntled Liberals who did not get the nomination ran as Independents, while a dozen others under Dugald Donaghy, ex-M.P., combined with Mr. Bowser in the Non-Partisan group.

The C.C.F., which had as its nucleus the old Socialist party and the members of the L.S.R. founded in 1931, amazed everyone by putting up candidates in every seat but one, where a Labour man was seeking re-election. The C.C.F. did not escape dissension either. Four Socialists were nominated in Vancouver as a protest against the new bourgeois recruits to Socialism. Another disgruntled group nominated eight candidates as Independent C.C.F., a party label which should remain a curiosity. Of course the Communists found an equivalent in the United Front party with 19 candidates who spent most of their time in denouncing 'knave' Woodsworth as the tool of 'czar' Bennett in undermining working-class solidarity. The United Front polled only 3,500 votes.

The Conservatives were divided into three groups. A small group including the Premier, Mr. Pooley and Mr. Hinchliffe, led the forlorn hope as Unionists, Dr. Tolmie still clinging to the delusion that no party would get a majority and that enough Independents would come back under his leadership to restore him to power. A second group led by Mr. Bruhn, who left the Cabinet in May, eventually teamed with the Bowser Conservatives and Donaghy Liberals to form a slate of 38 Non-Partisans that laid all our troubles at the door of party government and announced that 'Every Non-Partisan candidate will be pledged only to act and vote on all questions solely in the interests of honest, efficient and aggressive government.' There were a few 'Independent' Independents, including a newspaper editor from Vancouver Island, who took the principles of the Oxford Group as his platform and was successful in convincing the electors of their value, but most of them were Conservatives who had experienced a sudden change of heart. In only two ridings was it a contest between two candidates, while Victoria, a four seat constituency, began with no less than 29.

The campaign quickly settled down to a Liberal-C.C.F. duel. No one paid any attention to the Tolmie record as, in the words of the Liberal leader, 'It was no use flogging a dead horse'. The Non-Par-

tisans were handicapped by their antecedents and the sudden death of Mr. Bowser on October 27 still further weakened their position. As he was running in two constituencies, Vancouver Centre, and Victoria, his death postponed the elections for their 6 seats until November 27. The Liberal party had as their slogan 'Work and Wages'. They promised to abolish nuisance taxes and free the small wage earner from the one per cent. tax. A vigorous public works programme was to be undertaken which would be financed in cooperation with the Dominion government by a method still mysterious to most voters. As in Nova Scotia the Liberals advocated an Economic Council of experts to advise the government and make a survey of markets. Education the party promised to restore to its pre-Hinchcliffe level. To meet the cry of party politics the Liberals announced that they proposed to give every member freedom to vote as he wished in the House and only to consider the government obliged to resign when it had been beaten on a vote of no confidence. The C.C.F. took as its slogan 'Humanity First', and emphasized the futility of the old parties attempting to meet the depression by capitalistic methods. The platform was frankly Socialistic and was modelled upon the Regina Manifesto. Provincial planning, public ownership of transportation, communications, and electrical power, socialization of health, free education from public school to University for all fitted to enjoy it, and the revision of taxation 'to lay the burden where it can be most easily borne' were conspicuous planks.

At the opening of the campaign the C.C.F. made a great impression by the enthusiasm and number of its supporters, the sincerity of its candidates, and the force of its criticism. But politics needs more than sincerity and it was not long until the inexperience of some candidates led them to commit tactical errors which were quickly seized upon by the opposition. Thus, when Miss Osterhout talked imprudently of teaching Socialism in the schools and training teachers for that purpose in night courses, with the implication that those who refused to teach Socialism would be dismissed, the Liberals made the welkin ring with cries of Socialistic dictatorship. The C.C.F. campaign leader, Mr. W. J. Pritchard, had years ago announced his opposition to 'the late lamented Mr. Christ', and this was dug up to influence the church vote. Dr. Telford, another leader and a man of many enthusiasms, had once advocated companionate marriage, and the party was saddled with his 'heresies'. When 'Gerry' McGeer, a Liberal candidate whose views on money and banking startled the Macmillan Commission, asked his audience, 'Can you imagine me sending my son to a school which propagates Socialism and atheism or bringing up my daughter under the heinous system of companionate marriage?' his listeners cheered lustily.

By election day the Liberal party had gained hundreds of Conservative votes as the champion of stability against what the *Vancouver Sun* called 'the leaderless, radical, insincere and school-baiting C.C.F.'. The comment in the October CANADIAN FORUM that 'Discipline is a word which has an unpleasant sound to Canadian ears but the need for a little of it in the new political movement is becoming

distressingly obvious', could well be applied to the campaign in British Columbia.

The election results vindicated the Liberal strategy. Thirty Liberals have already been successful and at least three more should be elected in the six deferred contests in Vancouver and Victoria. Though the C.C.F. polled 90,000 votes, almost one-third of the total vote, it elected but six candidates, including none of their leaders. Two members were elected in Vancouver East, a working class district, and each polled over 10,000 votes against the highest Liberal with 7,200. In two other Greater Vancouver seats the C.C.F. candidate profited by the party splits. The same was true in one rural seat, the Delta, and in Mackenzie where fishermen, miners and pulp mill employees predominate. The Unionists have only one representative, Mr. Pooley, who holds the family borough of Esquimalt which has returned a Pooley for 43 years. Dr. Tolmie, to the surprise of most, went down to defeat in his home district and will probably retire from politics. The Non-Partisans secured one spokesman, Mr. Bruhn, with whom Mr. Pooley, who dislikes 'welchers', will not be cordial. Tom Uphill returns triumphant as the friend of the Fernie coal miners, and should strike an alliance with the C.C.F. group of six that includes a father and son, both life-long Socialists. It remains to be seen how the Oxford Group man will practice sharing.

The Liberal leader has been in politics for 17 years, during twelve of which he was a first-rate administrator. He proved himself in opposition as an unexpectedly able leader, when the mantle fell upon him after the last election. Mr. Pattullo has no illusions about the task of governing a province which can scarcely raise more than \$20,000,000 in taxation under present conditions and has debt charges of \$11,000,000. But he has courage, a streak of obstinacy, and the example of his predecessor as a warning. With so large a majority he has almost an embarrassing array of talent from which to choose a Cabinet and there will arise his first difficulty. If the curve of recovery continues its gradual upward rise, Mr. Pattullo should retain his present popularity. If it does not the next election will make the C.C.F. even more formidable. They have purchased experience dearly in this campaign and will be better prepared to try their hand in the Federal field where, as was so often pointed out, the bulk of their legislation must originate. Meanwhile, if Mr. Bennett can derive any pleasure from contemplating the plight of the Conservative party in this province, he is welcome to do so.



WANTED—A BANK INVESTIGATION

By J. A. WESTMAN

THE elaborate sham battle over a Central Bank, for which gladiators were specially hired in England, is now over except for the mopping up to be done in the next session of Parliament. Everyone has known for months that a Central Bank was coming, and the only mystery has been what the commercial banks were aiming to get out of the government in return for their long-drawn-out gesture of reluctant surrender. This is not yet clear, but apparently their reward is to be an effective control over the new Central Bank. In all its arguments for a Central Bank the Macmillan Report could have been written any time within the last few years in an Ottawa back office by any Canadian economist working for 'a few dollars a week'. The particular set-up of a private corporation with individual shareholders has no justification whatever unless it is to create a method by which the commercial banks can get control of the elections of the directorate of the bank. If the dividends of the new bank are to be rigidly limited, if its first governor and directors are to be appointed by the government and if later appointments must be approved by the government, why not let the government own the shares in the Central Bank from the beginning and be responsible for appointments to its directorate? Why not, unless the real desire is to give this vital control to the commercial banks?

The other main recommendation of the Macmillan Commission is for better credit facilities to agriculture. But since it frankly has not investigated this matter and has no concrete suggestions to offer, this part of the Report might also have been written by any hack. The need for a reconstruction of our intermediate and long-term credit machinery in relation to our major industry has long been evident, but we shall have to wait for another commission to tell us what to do about it.

The real failure of the Macmillan investigation is to be seen when we compare its results with the disclosures which have been made since last spring about American banking. There is no question here of the differences of organization between the two North American banking systems. What the American Senate investigation has revealed is the shocking lack of any sense of public responsibility in the managing directors of the great banks. It has uncovered a maze of malpractices on the part, not of the little, obscure, local bankers, who have since closed up their doors, but of the heads of the great world-famous New York banks such as Chase and National City. Men like Mitchell and Wiggin have been shown to be utterly conscienceless in the way in which they exploited their personal opportunities for money-making and neglected the trust which they held on behalf of their shareholders and of the financial community in general. In fact it has been discovered that to many of these great financial captains banking was simply a highly lucrative racket.

No one suggests that our Canadian bankers have been guilty of such continuous malpractices, but it is equally true that no one has ever suggested that such people as Sir Herbert Holt are noteworthy for

their sense of public responsibility. The Macmillan Commission gently slaps some unnamed Canadian bankers on the wrist and recommends that, while it is unnecessary that banks should withdraw from the investment business, they should refrain from dealing in any but the highest class of securities. Also it hints gently that some bank directors have been getting loans too freely from their own banks for companies in which they are personally interested, and it recommends that directors should not be present when loans to themselves or their companies are being voted upon. As if this would be effective in stopping log-rolling among a group of friendly directors! 'It must be left to the sense of propriety of directors not to place themselves in a position where their interests may conflict with their duty or which may justifiably attract unfavourable comment.'

But what the American Senate committee has discovered is that a sense of propriety is not very highly developed among American big bankers. And what needs clearing up in Canada is just this question of how strong the sense of propriety is upon St. James Street and King Street. When the banking committee of the House of Commons gets under way next session, therefore, it is suggested that they should inquire particularly into certain matters which Mr. Pecora has been drawing to public attention at Washington.

(1) What salaries do our big bankers pay themselves, what extra commissions and bonuses do they collect? What directors' fees do they draw from other financial or industrial corporations on whose boards they serve? Have their emoluments gone down during the depression or have they gone up, as did those of Mr. Wiggin?

(2) What loans have been given during the past decade to directors or to companies in which directors are interested? What loans of this kind are outstanding at present, and how much collateral security does the bank hold against them? How much money has each bank lost on over-optimistic or unsecured loans which it has made to its directors or their friends? How many frozen loans has each bank got on its books at present which are due to this over-optimistic willingness to trust its directors? Almost anyone in Canada could suggest some particular questions under this heading upon which the House of Commons committee might start its probe.

(3) What is the exact relation between the commercial banks and those pirates of the financial world who are euphemistically known as investment bankers? What investment securities has each commercial bank during the last decade unloaded upon its clients, and how many of its recommendations to its clients have turned out to be bad investments—for the clients? What credit facilities do the commercial banks afford to the investment bankers? How far is it true that each of the big Canadian banks has a 'security affiliate', and what are its relations with that affiliate? Generally, how far do the commercial banks escape from the restrictions of the Bank Act by their relationships with other concerns of this kind?

(4) To what extent have the banks been gathering into their hands the control of industrial activities of all kinds through the company reorganizations and other processes which have been so common during the depression? Do the interlocking directorates mean that there is now in Canada a near-monopoly in the control of financial and industrial operations?

It is suggested that the Western independent Members of Parliament should specially concern themselves with these questions. At the last revision of the Bank Act they were chiefly concerned in discussing abstruse questions of monetary theory; and while they succeeded in showing that the Canadian bank presidents and general managers are but children in these matters, they also left the impression

in some sceptical minds that they themselves are not too well grounded in the subject. Whether loans make deposits or whether deposits make loans, and all such questions should therefore be dropped for the moment. These are matters which can be satisfactorily elucidated to any sophomore class in economics, but they are simply beyond the capacity of our bank heads. Unfortunately they are also beyond the capacity of the Canadian electorate. But the average citizen is quite capable of understanding, if the facts are put before him, whether our bank directors have been using their opportunities in positions of trust to profiteer for their own personal benefit. It is not the theory of banking that needs discussion in Canada just now, it is the practice of our practical bankers.

THE C.C.F. AND ALBERTA POLITICS

By S. DELBERT CLARK

BBROWNLEE, Hoadley, McPherson and Company have cast over Alberta politics that lure of personal scandal which causes the most indifferent to become politically conscious. Previously the interest in public affairs had diminished almost to the vanishing point and only the Unity League, Marxist pioneer in Canadian agrarian politics, was able to kindle any enthusiasm. The United Farmers, so long the champions of the Western agriculturist, have fallen on evil days and, though many still accept instinctively their leadership, the old battle cry has become a plaintive murmuring and the war dance a dreamy waltz. Whether they shall waltz themselves off the stage or whether the C.C.F. orchestra will succeed in reviving some of the old spirit, the next few years must contain the answer. The tune, though pitched in a higher air, must nevertheless harmonize with the cowboy and pioneer songs of the past. The object of the following remarks is to suggest a few bars for such a sheet of music.

Many of Western Canada's early settlers were drawn from England and Scotland. Fairly well educated, some with a university training, and wedded to John Stuart Mill liberalism and English cooperation, their political philosophy readily adapted itself to the pioneer individualism of their neighbours, and they naturally won their way to leadership in civic life. The tragedy of Western Canada today is that the young man beginning farming has gone to work at, or before, the end of elementary school and is not equipped to take over the reins from the older men. Consequently the latter continue as school board trustees, local U.F.A. presidents, U.F.A. directors, councillors. But they are failing to attract, as they formerly did, the support of the great body of farmers. The need for something different to nineteenth-century English liberalism is keenly felt and yet a supply of new leaders is practically nonexistent, unless they turn to Unity League blacksmiths touring the province by means of freight trains. The situation would seem to point to a solution which England has always endorsed—the recruiting of leadership from a class specially trained for the task. But Western agrarianism is yet too

jealous and suspicious to adopt such a policy and, until it does, it must be content with the grey-headed 'Cooperator' or the Unity League blacksmith.

Gritism, whether of the days of George Brown or of Henry Wise Wood, has lacked a national consciousness. But, while such a philosophy was sound so long as the exporting farmer had easy access to world markets, it is no longer so in this day of national planning. With European countries (including England) striving towards economic self-sufficiency by developing their agricultural resources, and Canada striving towards the same goal by developing industry, the exporting farmer is rapidly being pushed out of existence, as recent years in the United States have so clearly demonstrated. The United Farmers have not yet awakened to the altered circumstances. They are still arrogantly western and individual in their outlook. They talk vehemently of how the East has robbed the West, of greater provincial autonomy, of 'setting our own house in order'. They denounce, with a vigour that would have put George Brown to shame, the principles of party government and executive leadership. Carnegie nor Henry Ford never uttered an indictment of labour unions so devastating as that which floats on the lips of most farmers. They detest great railway companies, powerful industrial concerns, indeed anything that smacks of central control. Inflation, lower freight rates, 'easy credit', are principles to which the farmer can readily subscribe because they promise to improve his position as a debtor capitalist. It is upon such principles that a political philosophy appealing to agriculturists must be based.

Yet, perhaps, as the American and Ontario situation would seem to reveal, agrarianism must inevitably discard much of its traditional Gritism in this complex world of national centralization. As evidence is its change of attitude toward the tariff issue. It is beginning to think not so much of a world market unfettered by tariff walls as of a home market protected by tariff walls. Eventually the Western farmer must join his fellow agriculturists in this regard.

But this shift in the economic position of the agri-

culturist will bring him in line with the proletariat only in so far as the latter wages war against 'Big Business'. The Marxian method of social control, spelling, as it does, doom to the small capitalist, can not hope to win support from the very class it would destroy. It is true, however, that Communism, by exploiting the dissatisfaction of the debtor capitalist in time of depression, can enlist his support against the system of which he is a part. As instance the Farmers' Unity League. But unless it can, as it did in Russia, engineer the Marxian revolution in time of stress, Communism cannot depend upon the loyalty of such recruits.

Measured by the amount of volatile enthusiasm engendered, the Farmers' Unity League commands more strength in Alberta than any other political organization. The organizers of the League are ex-labour men turned farmer or hobo. The recruits are drawn from Ukrainian and German settlers who have never imbibed the philosophy of English liberalism; or from distressed farmers who have ceased paying their taxes and 'gone red'. The fundamental programme of the Unity League is 'Mass Action'. They are attempting to organize the farmers in demanding the removal of some specific grievance. By concentrating their attention in this way on issues they can understand, they hope to build up an organization capable of assuming revolutionary control. It may be true, as they suggest, that the ordinary farmer is intellectually not capable of comprehending the intricate problems which face modern society. But to attempt to divert his attention from such problems to issues which he knows have little bearing upon his economic condition, is to assume a degree of ignorance which does not in fact exist and certainly, even if it did, would not be admitted on the part of most farmers. For instance, the S—— branch of the Unity League is attempting to unite the farmers of the district in a mass demonstration against the supplementary revenue tax. Even the most unenlightened farmer knows that this tax has little effect upon his economic condition. If he believed as fervently as do his Marxist apostles in the 'Great Truth', perhaps he might consent to such action as an exercise in revolutionary organization. But this assumption is found wanting.

The League talks much of the 'United Front'. This they would have us believe to mean political action taken by members of the Unity League, of the C.C.F., and of unorganized farmers, cooperating. Actually it means nothing more than that the Unity League holds a convention to nominate a candidate, or decide some course of action, and invites to it members of the C.C.F. and unorganized farmers. Such, for instance, is their strategy in the Mackenzie bye-election.

It would seem that Communism must retreat to the harbour from whence it came — the ranks of labour. The Marxist argument that small capitalists must inevitably give way to large capitalists, appears false in the light of agricultural experience. It was the communal character of agriculture in feudal society that accounted for its wretched inefficiency and, when it was able to throw off such shackles, it secured a new lease of life. Because the tiller of the soil, if he is to do his work well, must have a personal interest in the soil he tills. Large-scale farming, like communal farming, has proven a failure.

It may be possible for Henry Ford to squeeze out all the little Fords in the manufacture of automobiles, but it is not possible for John Farmer to squeeze out all the little farmers. Sir Herbert Holt has undertaken the directorship of almost every conceivable industrial enterprise with the exception of farming, and he has omitted the latter, not because he has not been able to secure financial control, but because he realizes his limitations in regard to managing such an enterprise. He knows that a quarter-section under the paternal eye of a farmer-owner will produce more than one under his control. But individualist farming does not necessarily mean capitalist farming (that is, producing for profits) and the latter must live a precarious existence in the present order of society. But rather than capitulate to collectivist control, farming will transform itself into peasantry and in that way withstand the shocks of economic instability. By ceasing to be capitalist in nature, agriculture becomes secure from the onslaughts of capitalism. That would seem to be the lesson to be drawn from American agriculture as a result of the present depression.

As western agriculture makes this transformation, its agrarian liberalism will disappear. No longer will the farmer strive to produce primarily for a world market but rather will he attempt to build around himself a self-sufficiency economy, impregnable from without. Social control, in so far as it strengthens his position, will be acceptable; but when such control threatens him with destruction, he will be on the other side. Call it Fascism, if you will; certainly it is not Socialism as we understand it from the Marxian text-books. But systems of thought, when applied to human affairs, must necessarily adapt themselves to differing circumstances. The delegates who assembled at Regina last summer realized this fact and wisely refused to apply their Socialist philosophy to all spheres. A political programme, if it hopes to appeal to agricultural constituents, must take account of certain economic and sociological phenomena peculiar to agriculture.

But, it may be asked, can the C.C.F. make such an appeal to agriculture and yet win the support of labour? Is it not more likely that the former will become Conservative, as in England, and the latter organize on a purely labour basis? It is the task of the C.C.F. to make labour realize that successful state planning does not necessarily involve the destruction of non-profiteering agriculturists. Only by a compromise of Marxism and liberalism, can a sane farmer-labour philosophy be built up. There are indications that such will come out of the C.C.F. movement.



A PRAYER-MEDLEY

By E. J. PRATT

Lord, how wonderful is the power of man; how great his knowledge!

We have triumphed over the earth, the sea, the air and the ether.

We have made habitable the poisonous wastes of the world and built cities thereon, changed the courses of rivers and caused deserts to bloom.

We have explored the hidden lanes under the sea.

We have discovered the chemistry of the soil, and can toughen the hardihood of seeds to prevail over climates.

We have extracted gold even from dross-heaps.

Our aeroplanes over mountains are as beautiful as eagles that bear the Dawn upon their backs.

Our whispers, disdaining the carriage of wires, are heard across continents with the instancy of light and are as immediately answered.

Our greetings and warnings are exchanged before the smiles and frowns have left the faces of our statesmen.

We have weighed suns and stars, made finite thine unbounded Universe, divided the Invisible and watched the race of solar chariots in an atom.

We have invaded the lair of the thunder and placed our jockeys upon tides and cataracts.

By taking thought, we have added cubits unto our stature.

We can tell the signs of the seasons; and as for the winds, we know whence they come and whither they go, for we have pencil-traced the assemblage of storms thousands of miles off.

How wonderful is the power of man; how great his knowledge!

* * *

Lord, we praise thee for our Statutes, for our Reform Bills, for our Proclamations; for the march of Progress, for our Days of Rest, for the shortening of the Hours of Labour.

We no longer harness children to the carts in the black routes under the earth, nor whip them at the cotton mills as we did when their advocates were scarce at thy High Courts of Love.

For thou didst soften the hearts of thy legislators when they decreed that no child under ten should work more than twelve hours a day in the damp and the dark.

And thou didst further soften their hearts when, in their own time, their own good time, they lifted the lower limits of the years and reduced the sunless hours, until the child, the woman and the slave were made *free* by the Act of the Nation.

* * *

The curse of labour is past.

We have thrown the packs from our shoulders, wiped the sweat from our brows, yet multiplied the work which is not of our hands.

Times were known when the labourers were heard to sing at their toil, when the spinning-wheel, the reaping-hook and the plow fitted into the measures of the verse, but the songs have died on our lips and the tunes are now sung by the motors and the dynamos.

And the music is stern and defiant and absolute, for the machine, in the pride of its precision, answers

the hungry discords outside of the doors and windows:—

Keep out of the shops and our mills,
With your unpredictable wills,
And your clumsy fingers and thumbs;
Out of the cloth we make
Out of the bread we bake
We fling you the rags and the crumbs.

Keep out—for you will never achieve
The pattern perfection of weave
In the exquisite strength of our steel.
Stay out—for you cannot restrain
Fatigue of heart and of brain
And the wayward blood you conceal.

And the song of the machine is answered by the call of the saboteur:—

Burn, burn, burn,
Cotton and coffee and wheat,
For the wheels must cease to turn
When there's too much food to eat,
And the factory doors must shut
On the looms with their market glut.

And both songs merge in the rugged antiphonal of the individualists:—

Wait, wait, wait,
Till the cycle rings the chime,
When Supply begins to abate,
And Demand is on the climb;

Then brain and iron and brawn,
And every man for himself,
Will reinstate the Dawn
Of Freedom, Power and Pelf.

* * *

Lord! We no longer torture for the faith,
We no longer arrange the fagots around the knees of the heretic,
We no longer crucify.

We praise thee that the days, long gone, when, as at Ephesus, the saints seized one another by the throats to vindicate the Godhead, were but nursery days when thy children scrambled up their picture-blocks in the vain attempt to puzzle out the features of thy face.

But now having become men, we have put away childish things. We still go as pilgrims on our perennial journeys to the Councils, but how orderly and admirable our conduct! We meet with the crossing of hands and wish one another well. We sit at our common tables, partake of burnt offerings of lambs and bullocks, and toast the royal and presidential healths with the blood of grapes; after which each one tells of his desire for peace and amity with his cousins across the boundaries, favouring the stability and prosperity of the world.

Then we go into Committees: we adjourn, but do not dissolve, for thou hast not left thy delegates without hope that at some future date, at Geneva or London or maybe at Washington, we shall meet to confer again, to enter the halls full of wisdom, and to depart void of understanding. Meanwhile, we return to our homes, some to report progress from the platform, some to suspend judgement, and others to sit in sackcloth and ashes.

It is true we live by faith. For, between the sessions, the chemist continues to brood over the gases, the bacteriologist over the microbes, the mechanic over the lathe, the nationalists over tariffs and trenches, boundaries and corridors, and the war secretaries turn the dials of the vaults upon the last design and the newest formula.

Lord! Our spirits are kindled by the flash of phrases. We are shaken by the cannonade of mottoes.

'It is sweet and becoming that one should die for his country.'

'Come home with your shield or upon it.'

'Saul hath slain his thousands, but David his tens of thousands.'

'When shall their glory fade.'

'The sword of the Lord and of Gideon.'

'I have not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.'

'In the multitude of counsellors there is safety.'

But our cenotaphs bear no testimony to those who moulder ingloriously upon the mattress.

O Kali, Mother of Destruction!
Ahriman, of Darkness and Strife!
Loki, Spirit of Evil!

What is sown of Isis shall be reaped of Hecate, and made the bargain of Mammon, Gatherer of Spoil.

O Buddha of the folded hands and silent lips!
Confucius, Sage of the Right Way!
Christ, Lord of Love, Lord of Life!

May the dream not entirely vanish from our sleep.

Our physicians can prescribe for the ills of their own families.

They can cure individual diseases, and heal the hurt of the body.

But they have found no remedy for the deep malaise in the communal heart of the world.

Our Father who art in heaven
Give us this day our daily bread and forgive us our trespasses
For we do not forgive those who trespass against us.



LIBERAL YELLOW BOOK?

THE Liberal party in Canada is clearly hard up for both a policy and a philosophy at the present moment. Its leaders in Parliament, however, are also quite clearly of the opinion that it needs neither one nor the other. All it has to do is to sit tight and watch the bad-tempered Mr. Bennett hang himself. Federal by-elections show the unpopularity of the government. The provinces are beginning to go Liberal again, and a change of allegiance in the provinces has always in the past been a portent of a change of government at Ottawa. So Mr. King talks vaguely about freer trade (he never tells us how much freer it will have to be), Messrs. Daffoe and Moore shout for a return to free competition, and Mr. Massey is left to flirt with national planning. A party like the Liberal party does not need to worry about internal discipline. Its machines in Saskatchewan and Quebec are in good running order. Let it but wait patiently until the votes are counted and then it can distribute the jobs.

So far as one can judge this calculation is admirably adapted for the next election. Canada is in for another session of Mr. King's flabby leadership, and the Canadian electorate will have to go through another series of Customs and Beauharnois scandals or a complete breakdown of foreign trade before they learn that 'the principles of Liberalism' as interpreted at Ottawa are not enough.

But in the meantime most of the younger Liberals are becoming very discontented with this soothing syrup from the old party hands. The Liberal summer school at Port Hope was one sign of uneasiness. Two of its leaders, Mr. Francis Hankin of Montreal and Professor T. W. L. MacDermot of McGill University, have now collaborated in a book which presents in a Canadian setting the point of view represented in England by Sir Arthur Salter and by the authors of the famous *Liberal Yellow Book* of 1928.

The main part of *Recovery by Control* is taken up with a descriptive account of the extent to which government has intervened in the operation, control, and direction of our Canadian economy already. 'Mechanically considered, Canada is one of the most socialistically organized countries in the world'. The authors analyze in detail the organization of our system of public utilities in transportation, communications, municipal services, electric light and power. They discuss the machinery by which government enterprises in these fields are conducted and the instruments of control which governments, dominion and provincial, have set up over privately owned utilities. They then turn to the realm in which private enterprise is dominant—agriculture, commerce, manufacturing, finance, and the professions—and they discuss the various ways in which government gives assistance to these activities or controls them in the public interest. Their main point here is to emphasize the extent to which co-operation has spread among private profit-seeking entrepreneurs, whether in the form of Wheat Pools

RECOVERY BY CONTROL: a Diagnosis and Analysis of the Relations between Business and Government in Canada, by Francis Hankin and T. W. L. MacDermot (J. M. Dent & Sons; pp. 360; \$2.00).

or trade associations, and to show how many points of contact there are between these associations and governments.

This descriptive analysis takes up three-quarters of the book. It is especially valuable because the information collected here has never before been available for Canada in a single volume. The relation of government with transportation is most fully treated of all topics in the book. How railway promoters demoralized politics and politics has demoralized transportation, how the Drayton-Ackworth recommendations were not carried out by the government of the day and what evils followed from this failure, how there is a danger that some of the essential recommendations of the Duff Report will not be carried out either, all these matters are dealt with at length. The relative merits of the Ontario Hydro and of the private electric power systems in other provinces are discussed; and the complete failure of the Public Utilities Commissions in Quebec and British Columbia to control power rates as contrasted with the comparative effectiveness of the Nova Scotia system is brought out. The anti-combine clause of the Criminal Code with its effect upon trade associations, the functions of a central bank, grain marketing methods, the activities of the C.M.A., trade union organization, these are only some of the topics included in this comprehensive analysis of our economy.

But there are some topics which are left out. Nothing is said about the distribution of such standard necessities of life as bread, milk, coal, and gasoline; and the question whether government might not intervene more effectively in this field is not raised. More important still is the failure of the authors to give us a picture of the extent to which tendencies towards monopoly have gone in the Canadian business world, and to discuss the question how far the concentration of control over industry in the hands of the banks has become a reality. Yet if we are to approach the problem of government intervention intelligently it is just this information which we need most of all.

The last quarter of the book is taken up with the constructive proposals of the authors themselves. They are quite clear that 'the old *laissez-faire* doctrine of the nineteenth century is as dead as the dodo'. 'The world is groping for a solution of the problems which the new age of mass production and communication has thrust upon it. There must be planning, order and cooperation in economic affairs between individuals, groups and nations, or disaster will overtake us all'. They are equally clear that the programmes of both the Liberal and the Conservative parties in Canada are 'devoid of any hint that fundamental social changes are necessary or imminent'. But they dismiss the C.C.F. in a few sentences as authoritarian, and their account of experiments in social control in England, Russia, Italy, and the United States is much too sketchy to be of any value. Their own proposals seem rather unduly moderate. They would repeal or amend our anti-combine legislation, and encourage associations of traders and manufacturers in such a way as to lead to self-government in each industry. Productive capacity in each branch of our national economy would thus be regulated with a minimum of coercive interference by the state, and to preside over the

whole complex process there might be set up an Economic Council with representatives from the main branches of our productive industry. 'It would not coerce or dictate but would be a centre of authority'.

But self-government of industry through the technique of trade associations to regulate the activity of the industry is apt to mean in practice government by the bosses of the industry; and it leaves to them wide opportunities for exploitation both of workers and consumers. The check on this which our authors propose is a system of graduated excess profits taxes. Control of profits would diminish speculation and would circumscribe the operation of 'high finance' since it is the prospect of excessive profits which makes high finance possible.

The idea that any governmental agency can really control the gigantic financial and industrial corporations which have grown up in Canada as in all modern countries seems to me excessively naive. Who will elect the government that sets up these controlling instrumentalities? Who will own the newspaper press that educates Canadian public opinion on the desirability or undesirability of government interference? We have had a good deal of experience in this country with one big corporation which has always been too big for any government—the C.P.R. And all experience in other countries goes to prove that the appetites and ambitions of these giants are invariably too strong for any effective control. They will destroy or debauch any government which gets in their way. Messrs. Hankin and MacDermot live in the city in which is located the head office of the C.P.R. As they go to work each morning they must be able to catch a glimpse on the Montreal skyline of the head offices of the Royal Bank, the Sun Life Assurance Co., the Bell Telephone Co. Do they think that any Department of National Revenue is ever likely to succeed in collecting Sir Herbert Holt's excess profits? Or can they conceive of any possible Liberal government (with 50 seats from Quebec province) taming him and his associates and making gentle domesticated public utilities out of them?

Still, everyone who considers himself a serious student of Canadian political and economic problems should make sure that he gets a copy of this book for a Christmas present.

FRANK H. UNDERHILL.

OLD RECIPE

'Strong salt water is good to set colours,'

Women have quoted, with hands on their hips.

Was it from weeping they learned this old rule,

Wistful hearts vocal through nonchalant lips?

This is the reason my eyes kept their hue,

Unfaded by merciless light of the years.

I can remember, as far back as time,

Their colour was set in the salt of my tears.

ELINOR LENNEN

THE USEFULNESS OF ECONOMICS

By C. E. DANKERT

TO write an article at the present time on 'The Usefulness of Economics' may seem to be both unnecessary and presumptuous. During the last few years the pressure of events has forced the subject into the foreground and it probably now occupies a more prominent place in popular thought in this country than it has in any previous period. This does not mean that the mass of the people are well versed even in the most elementary principles of the subject. If they were it would be extremely difficult to explain how some of our politicians win the support they do, or how some of our newspapers print, with seeming impunity, so much economic nonsense. It does mean, however, that many people are seriously and, to some extent, intelligently, thinking about the economic problems that confront the nation—and themselves. In this state of mind it is but natural for them to turn with enthusiasm to the subject which is supposed to deal with such problems in the confident hope that it will be able to furnish satisfactory solutions.

This attitude towards economics is encouraging; but it is not without its dangers. Enthusiasm for any subject, if it is not accompanied by a sound knowledge of the subject itself, may lead to excessive reverence for it. And it is to be feared that some people have become excessively reverent in their attitude towards economics. They do not fully realize its limitations, and as a consequence they exaggerate its usefulness. On the other hand, however, there are those who go to the opposite extreme. They underestimate its usefulness; and some of the extremely irreverent ones may go so far as to speak of the 'science' and its 'high priests' in the most disparaging of tones.

To the professional economist of sober mind his subject has both possibilities and limitations. To him economics is a science—some would perhaps call it an art—which is of great practical value. But at the same time he is well aware that it has its limits in this respect. Of course, he may be so purely scientific that he is absolutely unconcerned about the question of value or usefulness. But very few economists are of this nature. Their interests generally extend to problems of contemporary interest and importance, to problems which, from the standpoint of human welfare, should be solved. They do not dwell in the rarified atmosphere of pure theory.

The reasons why the economist thus looks upon his subject are sometimes inadequately understood, or perhaps they may not even be known. It seems pardonable, therefore, to discuss them, although the discussion will necessarily have to be brief.

To begin with, it should be realized that economics is limited in scope. It does not deal with all aspects of human behaviour. There is a division of labour among the social sciences and not one of them, unless it be sociology, which, according to the older view of the subject, was looked upon as being a synthesis of the other, and subordinate, social sciences, attempts to cover or explain all the actions of man. Many economists, and others, it is true, are convinced that the economic part of man's behaviour is fundamental and that the other parts are to be in-

terpreted largely, if not exclusively, in relation to it. Economic determination is too large and too controversial a question, however, to be discussed in this paper, and we shall make no attempt to do so. But whether economic considerations furnish the principal clue to all our social actions and problems or not, it must be granted, as a matter of actual fact, that any formal or informal training in economics will not take one into a study of all phases of human activity.

Because of the narrowness of its scope, one should bear in mind, therefore, that there are many social problems of importance which cannot be satisfactorily solved by a resort to the logic of economics alone. These problems have angles which the economist, though he may be interested in them, is not fully qualified to analyze and discuss. No matter how well acquainted he may be with the principles of his subject, and regardless of what 'school' he belongs to—the orthodox or the institutional, the price or the welfare, the mathematical or the non-mathematical—he has not had all truth entrusted to him. Consequently, on many questions the views of the economist should be supplemented by those of experts in the other social sciences, and in some cases by the opinions of authorities in the physical sciences and in the arts as well. Some questions, to be sure, are so predominantly economic in character that there is little risk in being guided in the handling of them solely by the dictates of sound economic reasoning. There are many, however, that cannot be placed in this category.

But what can sound economic reasoning accomplish? It can enable one to see the defects in many of the proposals that are being offered just now for dealing with our economic ills. It can convince one, if one needs convincing, that 'truth' and the 'printed word' do not always mean the same thing. And by doing that it can help to overcome what Sir Thomas Browne listed as one of the causes of common error: 'the credulity of men', a weakness 'whereby men often swallow falsities for truths, dubiosities for certainties, feasibilities for possibilities, and things impossible as possibilities themselves.'

By being able to aid in the removal of this particular 'weakness in the understanding', it is possible for economics to perform a service of the greatest value. The tendency to accept as unquestionable truth those statements which seem plausible and easy to understand, those which are expressed in striking terminology or with great vocal force, is all too common; and anything which can help to destroy this tendency, which encourages independent thought, is to be highly endorsed.

The detection of error in reasoning is one of the most useful benefits that an understanding of economics can confer. Because of the exceedingly complex nature of the forces and phenomena with which they have to deal, economists have found it very difficult, in fact frequently impossible, to formulate satisfactory general principles, or 'laws'. But they have been able to provide tools of analysis which make it possible for one 'to detect and expose sophistical dogmatism'. And, as Professor Edgeworth

pointed out, 'There are those who think with Leslie Stephen that this is the principal function of Political Economy'. As Leslie Stephen himself affirmed, 'It has been more efficient in dispersing sophistries than in constructing permanent theories.'

There is no small amount of disagreement among economists both in the theories or generalizations they make and in the policies they recommend, and it is desirable that this disagreement be fully comprehended. Some difference of opinion is to be expected, of course. It is inevitable in any branch of study so complicated as economics. The intricate nature of the subject does not constitute the sole reason for disagreement, however. Sometimes the difference of opinion is due to partial and faulty analysis; sometimes, perhaps, to no analysis at all, as when the economist, like Wordsworth's lone shepherd:—

looks forth

Into the boundless sea and rather makes
Than finds what he beholds.

Sometimes it may be due to personal bias—which no economist, *qua* economist, should possess. But whatever the cause, we do find disagreement. One has but to examine some of the articles and books on the present depression to be firmly convinced of this fact. Neither on the causes of the depression nor on the steps that should be taken in order to get out of it do we find the economists agreeing. To some observers it may appear that the only thing they agree upon, the only thing they have in common, is a belief in the correctness of their own diagnosis and in the superior merit of their own remedies.

The disagreement among the economists, however, is frequently exaggerated. And perhaps no one has done so more than George Bernard Shaw. Shaw is supposed to have said that 'If all the economists were laid end to end, they would not reach a conclusion.' This statement is a delicious one; but it is eminently unfair. It reflects a keen sense of humour, an adeptness in the use of the epigram, and an ability to make the most fantastic of remarks.

There is disagreement among economists, just as there is among physicists, chemists, and physicians; but there is no sense in magnifying it. One should realize that below the surface differences of opinion, and many of the differences are of this variety, there is a large amount of very substantial agreement. If our governing bodies only adopted those policies upon which the economists are unanimously, or almost unanimously, agreed, we would have a much richer and a much happier nation than we actually do have. We would find that the usefulness of economics is much greater than some of us at first suspected.

But many of our politicians seem to be constitutionally impervious to the acceptance of economic truth. They are inclined to look upon economists as being hopelessly theoretical in their reasoning. They assume an attitude of suspicion or of indifference towards them. In fact, they may even go so far as to regard them as a social menace.

Fortunately, this is not always the case. In the United States and a number of other countries economists and other social scientists are coming to play a very significant part in the determination of public policies. They are being placed in responsible positions. And so far one cannot say that they have shown any extraordinary incompetence in the dis-

charge of their duties. On the contrary, they have abundantly demonstrated their capacity and usefulness. Many people south of the border would certainly agree with the statement recently made by Oswald Garrison Villard that 'We can only be gratified that the United States has turned to college professors, to theoreticians, to closet philosophers.'

These men are ordinarily looked upon as being impractical. But is one who, in his regular work, assumes a social point of view, who is primarily interested in matters that have social implications, and who advocates policies which he thinks are beneficial, not to any particular individual or group, or to any particular geographical division, but to the people as a whole—is such an individual any less practical than the man who has been successful in making large profits in private business?

The professional economists are among the most practical of persons, and it is regrettable that greater use is not being made of them in Canada. They have in their possession knowledge which is of the utmost practical importance. Much of this knowledge, however, like many a flower, loses its sweetness on the desert air, because those who have political power are disinclined to utilize it. And they are not likely to do so to any great extent until their constituents insist upon it.

It seems clear that if we are going to make greater use of the state as a means for increasing human welfare—and what other use is there for it?—we shall, for one thing, have to spread the seeds of economic knowledge widely over the land, especially in the East. This will help to make the electorate more intelligent, more exacting, and more discriminating. It will result in the election of legislators who are superior to most of those we now have. They will be of higher mental caliber and of larger social sympathies. They will be better equipped to deal with the problems they are called upon to handle. They will assume a broader outlook in approaching them. Until such men attain to political office, and to political power, it is not likely that our various governing bodies will function in a much more satisfactory way than they have in times past.

A new heaven and a new earth will not be ushered in solely by the electorate becoming well acquainted with the generally accepted principles of economics and by its mastering the technique of analysis now used by the more capable of the economists—and most assuredly not used by the many new 'economists' who, without a thorough training in the subject on which they authoritatively speak, have been contributing to some of our newspapers and popular magazines. But if the majority of those who make up the electorate acquired a broader knowledge of such principles, if they gained some understanding of the proper ways of going about the analysis and interpretation of economic problems, we would find that within a relatively short time many of our most pressing problems would be largely, if not completely, solved.

THE CANADIAN FORUM, while welcoming manuscripts of general articles, stories, and verse, is not at present paying for material.

MODERN ARCHITECTURE AND ARCHAEOLOGY

By E. H. BLAKE

WHILE many of the ablest architects of Europe and the United States are experimenting freely and extensively in the various forms of architectural modernism, the profession in Canada adheres, on the whole, to an architectural practice of studied conventionality. In this field of conventional design a vast improvement has taken place of recent years. The current output of monstrosities is much smaller than was that of the Victorian era. The embellishments of traditional decoration are more accomplished; and the claims of general amenity in street planning are beginning to receive a broader recognition, or, at any rate, their flagrant violation, as in the case of the Canada Life's head office in Toronto, incurs reprobation. In the best domestic practice the vital Georgian strain in our native architectural tradition is being generously renewed.

There can, however, be no denying the extreme paucity of Canadian architecture in the field of thorough-going modernism. Mr. Ernest Cormier of Montreal, works, it is true, in the bare geometrical compositions of the more solid modern practice, and Mr. John M. Lyle has developed in decorative treatments a native idiom that frequently assumes forms suggestive of modernist influence. But Canadian architecture presents no group of the left such as our painting does. The stark concrete cubes and silos of our grain elevators, which excite so much interest among the European devotees of modernism, exert, in their native surroundings, no discernible architectural influence whatever. For the rest, according to a descriptive glance at Montreal which appeared not long ago in the *English Architectural Review*, we are left with an accumulation of imitative rubbish so dreadfully pretentious as to justify yet one more repetition of Samuel Butler's too familiar invocation.

Even in this exaggerated disparagement there lies a modicum of truth. Canadian architecture, as a whole, still clings affectionately to the draperies of archaeology—the gothic church, the tudor college, the classical temple of finance. The cut is better, as we have said, than it was twenty or thirty years ago, but the garment is still too often an incongruous effort at fancy dress. The criticism applies not merely to the grotesque solecisms of the speculative builders, which are to be seen in such hideous profusion in Forest Hill Village, to the old-English filling stations that disfigure our streets, or to that deplorable essay in governmental decoration, the new administrative block in Queen's Park (whose extravagantly ornamented tower emits, incidentally, one of the blackest palls of coal smoke to be seen in any civilized community) it applies also to buildings superior both in design and treatment, to the Royal York Hotel, for instance, or the new block of the Ontario Museum, or the Chateau Laurier at Ottawa, or Parliament Hill itself.

This archaeological tendency, which finds its outlet in such a variety of styles, is attributable not merely to professional dependence upon traditional motives, but to a rudimentary state of public taste

that seeks ostentation in any form of sufficiently obvious and expensive association. Ecclesiastical or secular, gothic or classical, a building in Canada is generally admired in direct proportion to the elaboration and costliness of its archaeological embellishment, preferably in imported stone. Economy in materials and simplicity of treatment seem to invite not only disparagement but defacement. Take the old wing of the Royal Ontario Museum, in which ordinary grey-stock brick and some rather commonplace tile-work embodied, though in fragmentary form, a composition at once simple and imposing. It is now the neglected adjunct of a more pretentious structure, its pleasing doorway on Bloor Street wantonly bricked up. Take also the severe but excellent group of the Toronto General Hospital, the work of the same architect. Not long ago its scale was destroyed by the addition of a private patients' skyscraper; while today one of the original buildings on University Avenue is in process of disfigurement by the extension of a porch of conspicuous and incongruous ugliness. One wonders how long it will be before we recognize that our real debt to the late Frank Darling lies, not in his more conventionally lavish banking offices, but in the university and hospital buildings of fine economy which, in a period of execrable taste, he produced out of resources often painfully limited.

So, with a public indifferent to anything but the shoddy old bag of archaeological tricks, it is hardly surprising that Canadian architecture touches even the more conventionalized modern forms with trepidation and restraint. In Ontario, it is true, the better domestic work, particularly that of Mackenzie Waters and F. H. Marani, shows definite indications of modern influence along the lines of a simplified and freely adapted Georgian tradition; and the same tendency, in more cosmopolitan form, is perceptible in the design of a few shops of the expensive class, such as the former Creed's on Bloor Street and the Uptown Eaton's. In Ottawa, the new Bank of Montreal by Barrott and Blackader, and in Quebec, some recent industrial structures, strike a more decidedly modern note; but, generally, Canadian building of modernist tendency bears the stamp rather of free traditional work than of the true modern inspiration as recognized and applied abroad. Such architectural conservatism in a country otherwise inclined to considerable artistic latitude is only partially explained by the mere influence of an un-instructed clientele.

The approach to modern architecture, strictly so-called, presents special difficulties not only to the academically trained eye, professional and lay alike, but also to any mind accustomed to the processes of formal logic. The primary trouble is that the basic theoretical justification of modern architecture, as enunciated by its own protagonists, is so patently and ridiculously unsound that one's attention is distracted from the thing itself to the more enticing pastime of aesthetic controversy. No one with half an eye in his head and the meanest faculty of reasoning but will gag over the modernist functional theory—the theory that architectural excellence in

this machine age results only from the efficient and undisguised application of engineering principles. For the most sketchy acquaintance with the generality of contemporary factories, dock-sheds, train-sheds, and cow-sheds, explodes at once the doctrine that pure function pursued exclusively in materials of the greatest adaptability must necessarily produce forms of architectural or any other sort of beauty or significance. Occasionally there emerges the fortuitous grandeur of a grain elevator, but the most that can be said for the bulk of utility building of this sort is that it is, on the whole, less distressing than the gothic breweries and ecclesiastical railway stations of Victorian England.

Without denying, then, the part played by function in every branch of construction from the picture palace to the public lavatory, it is safe to say that straight utility building is something less than architecture, even in the modern sense. Indeed, the essence of modern architecture is no more to be sought in this exclusive theory of function than in those merely decorative appendages of modernism, the slick little continental cocktail-bars of white metal and novel veneers. It is to be sought, rather, in a conception of architectural composition which may best be described as structural expressionism. The architect of the extreme modern school, in fact, pursues, under cover of his dubious functional theory, a visual effect analogous to the abstract forms of modern painting. The classical ideals of coherence and stability, of balance and order, no longer control the modern eye of design. From being in some degree representative of human faculties and sensations, architecture tends, in modern work, to become abstract and intellectual. Like certain schools of modern painting it seeks to embody itself in compositions of purely formal significance.

All very well, the conservative architect will interrupt, but architecture and painting are two totally different things, and this structural expression-

ism, or whatever you like to call it, is simply not architecture at all. Our eyes tell us that just as clearly today as their eyes would have informed the men who built the Acropolis or St. Sophia or the Bank of England. There is nothing in the new materials that requires us to discard principles of composition which, however variable, yet disclose from age to age a fundamental immutability. Architecture means, in fact, and always has meant the subjection of material to forms of physical coherence; and the solution today lies, not in pursuit of the inappropriate effects of another art, not in subservience to new materials, but in development of the authentic architectural proportions.

A hearty reassurance, but even those of us who are blind to the complete modern vision will still feel qualms of doubt. No longer can we claim that the accustomed perception of stability and coherence which dictates our architectural judgements possesses indisputable authority. Every day the circle of denial widens, embracing, even in this country, with the artists and critics, the majority of the students of architecture. To their eyes the unsupported horizontal lines and toppling cantilevered canopies of Erich Mendelsohn's new office cage in the Potsdamer Platz, or the asymmetrical blocking of Howe and Lescaze's Philadelphia Savings Bank bring not discomfort but pleasure—forms of modernism, of undisguised steel and concrete, to them, significant and direct. Whether these fresh mechanical expedients and new materials of our age are really destined to bring about a universal change in the perception of architectural composition, only time will show. Those whose eyes are slow to adjust themselves to the eccentricities of mechanistic design may at least take comfort from the thought that every extension of the modern practice in Canada will tend to encourage our native tradition of simple building and to relieve us of the fatuous trappings of debased archaeology.

CANADIAN GROUP OF PAINTERS

By ROBERT AYRE

WHEN the Group of Seven multiplied itself by four, it was moved by perfect consistency. Notwithstanding a popular misconception, the Group of Seven was never a closed corporation. It was an attitude. If the Seven stood together as a unit it was because of pressure from the outside. These men were individuals who were driven together by the homogeneity of their outlook and experience: they had each broken with tradition, each was seeing Canada in a new way, and each had been repulsed. They were lumped together to be executed, and they stood side by side for defence and attack. They were the new spirit fighting the embattled old traditions. But they never pretended that they were the hierarchy of Canadian painting. They were jealous only of the spirit and they had no illusions that it was exclusive to them. When they saw a new painter fighting their fight, they welcomed him with open arms. Seven became eight, and before very long they perceived the spirit they had so long and courageously championed shining

out in all parts of Canada. They began by inviting the new painters to exhibit with them and ended by abolishing the Group of Seven and creating the Canadian Group of Painters.

The significance of the first exhibition of these twenty-eight, which opened in Toronto in November, is that it sums up the growth and development of the liberal spirit and demonstrates what a vital force it is. The show is not the production of a cult. There are a few imitators of the original Seven but they are the least important of the exhibitors. It would be absurd to assume that such painters as Heward, Fitzgerald, Comfort, McKague, Ogilvie, Newton, would never have come into being had it not been for the Group of Seven, and you will look far for traces of its influence in their work. The Seven are not interested in imitators: it is the spirit they recognize; what they gave these new members was support and stimulus; the newer bearers of the revolutionary spirit have not had to fight alone against prejudice; they came into the field to find

**WINTER SPORT****By CHARLES F. COMFORT**

some of the walls already broken down and the pioneers still fighting.

It was inevitable that the younger painters should at some points stand in opposition to the original rebels. With the powerful first impulse spent, the Seven have begun to repeat themselves. In the original Group, the revolutionary spirit took the form of seeing the Canadian landscape dynamically. We can never be too grateful for the thrill we felt when, coming through the halls of dingy Canadian paintings of the older tradition, we burst upon Harris, McDonald, Tom Thomson and the others—Thomson was essentially if not actually a member of the Group. But for the most part, these men remained preoccupied with landscape and fell into formulae. The most dynamic of the Seven climbed higher and higher, into air more and more rarified, still seeing in terms of landscape, until one day he woke up to find himself gazing impotently into vacant space and there was nothing to do but descend, as in this exhibition he seems to have descended. The canvases of the original members of the Group are not the most interesting part of the show.

The younger men and women have brought a new energy and a new vision. Canada is growing up. It is true the Laurentians and Algonquin, Muskoka and Georgian Bay are still being painted, we are still invited to look at pines and pools and lakes and rocks, but the revolutionary spirit remains revolutionary by moving away from extra-human landscape.

Some of the effect of sophistication in the show comes from the dominance of the Montreal contributions. If any one centre is to be considered separately, Montreal strikes the most resounding note, with Holgate's superbly painted nude; Prudence Heward's coarse, vital bather, and her 'Barbara', which is surely the most appealing, the liveliest child portrait yet to appear in Canada; Lillian Newton's three accomplished portraits; André Biéler's French-Canadian characters.

Montreal has been working away, closer to Europe, perhaps, than the Ontario painters who have been obsessed with the physical aspects of the North, but it cannot be said that the development of Canadian painting is due to the influence of Montreal. Emily Carr belongs to British Columbia, Lemoine Fitzgerald has perfected his own individual exquisiteness in solitude on the prairies, Bertram Brooker has carried on his experiments in stylization in Toronto, a host of painters has sprung up in Ontario, in style and outlook independent of either Montreal or the Group of Seven. Canada is growing up.

Not only are we moving toward human life, away from landscape, which in the long run must be sterile, but in growing up we are beginning to show the effects of the profound disturbances in human affairs which have shaken the world; social implications are creeping in. Gordon Webber, one of the young invited contributors, comments on the life of the working people; André Biéler has always been interested in men and women toiling in the fields; Yvonne McKague, in industrial scenes. From this standpoint, one of the most significant canvases in the show is Charles Comfort's *Unpainted Barn*. In this the painter says: We have seen bleak mountains and weather-warped trees; now I will show you bleak, weather-warped lives; these are just as true

of Canada; perhaps the most important part of Canada.

Of course, the pretty-pretty school will not like *Unpainted Barn*, any more than it liked Harris or Lismer, or any more than it likes Prudence Heward's bather, and so the fight against reaction goes forward.

The academicians are being left farther and farther behind. If seven was not a big enough circle to contain the modern spirit, even twenty-eight is too small. That the Canadian Group of Painters realizes this is evident from the fact that it invited twenty-five other painters to contribute to the exhibition, and some of the best canvases in the show belong to this section.

Yet the fight of the modern spirit against prejudice is by no means won. The Canadian Group of Painters has more to do than wear down the Philistines who insist that painting is a matter of old mills and duck-ponds. The philistines who insist on confusing art with morals must be overthrown. In the present show, we have been outraged again by the childish reactions of the Art Gallery Board of Toronto to the human body. Lillian Newton and Richard Taylor have joined Giorgione, Archipenko, Max Weber, Bertram Brooker, and Edwin Holgate in being hurried down to the cellar by these horrified guardians of public squeamishness. It is strange to find public squeamishness isolated in the Art Gallery, where intelligent people gather to see intelligent and sincere work, when at the same time the whole city abandons itself to such an orgy of vulgarity as it did when the body of the unfortunate Hillier child was found.

The nudes of Mrs. Newton and Mr. Taylor were accepted by the Group's hanging committee on the only tenable grounds for ever accepting or rejecting a painting; they were hung and catalogued; the Art Gallery Board, instead of recognizing the vital in painting, ignored painting altogether and deliberately affronted not only the Group but every intelligent citizen who visited the Art Gallery. If it is too much to expect that committees like the Art Gallery Board will become intelligent, the Group must not only protest against their interferences; it must assert its independence of them.

TWO POEMS

I made a poem of beaten brass,
Shaped with cunning, patterned with care,
Classic in form,
Graven with delicate symbols,
Burnished to exquisite gleaming.
Nobody read it.

He dipped crude metal white-hot from the heart of
the furnace,
Flung it to cool on the rocks, with a passionate
gesture . . .
To cool into shapes fantastic,
Shapes that defied the skill of the craftsman.
The world applauded.

HELEN DICKSON

BETTER BE DEAD

By JOHN McTAVISH

MRS. MANNING was a small woman, small and almost transparently thin. Three years ago, when the war had become a personal and terrible thing for her, her hair had been gray. Now it was white. Three years ago her eldest boy, Dick, had gone to war and a year later Bob, her youngest, had followed his brother.

Dick was twenty-two when he enlisted and though her grief at his going was great she had been proud that he was not one of those who were afraid to go.

But Bob was only eighteen, and when he had first come home clad in khaki the sight of him had sent a shudder through her, and she would have screamed aloud had she not been a brave woman, brave enough to send her boys off to war without whimpering, out loud, anyway.

But now it was over and Bob was coming home.

Her face shone, the white hair, soft and filmy above her forehead, giving her the air of being transfigured.

She had given both her boys to the war and for long months that had dragged into years had gone in horrible, sickening fear that any minute the word might come that they were dead.

Dick had come home wounded many months ago, and now Bob, her last-born, her well-beloved, was also coming home.

She had been brave, she had done her crying in secret, none had seen her tears even in church, where sometimes under cover of the minister's prayer and her bowed head she had loosed a bit her stern rein on her grief.

She was happy, she was singing a little song, the joy in her heart overpowered her, hurting her and she was sitting in a chair beside the table, her head in her hands, tears falling like rain from her eyes.

Here her husband found her, comforting her in the uncouth way men have, wondering, in the stupid way men have, if he had done anything amiss. But she was soon ashamed of her tears, for she was proud, and dried them up.

'Run along, papa,' she told him, 'just think, it won't be long now before Bob's home and I have hundreds of things to do yet. I'm going to make him some of that vegetable soup he always liked so much. He'll be hungry, I know, after all those years over there and the kind of food he got, and then I'll open a new jar of apple jelly and bake some soda biscuits.'

She became absorbed in her housewifely tasks, could not waste further time for speech, so Mr. Manning went to the barn and groomed Belle, the mare, for the trip to the station.

They were both too excited to eat their own supper, and, anyway, Bob would be home before eight and they could have a bite with him, she said.

But she was not too excited to think about Bob, and to wonder what kind of a lad he would be now.

He had always been a good boy, fine and clean and strong, she told herself.

He had never grown too big to go to church with her, as some boys had, and he had never picked up bad habits.

When they had kneeled together before God in those terrible moments before he had gone off to war, he had asked God in his dear voice, hard and tight with emotion, to keep him from temptation, to keep him clean and fine.

His words were graven on his mother's memory, cemented by the tears she had not shed until he had kissed her for the last time and, tearing himself from her, had run and thrown himself into the carriage beside his father.

When she thought of these things she prayed for her son, for Bob had never had the resolute character of his brother Dick and sometimes she had the uncomfortable feeling that if he had changed not even God would be able to make him back into what he had once been. But her prayers gave her comfort.

* * *

It was seven when Mr. Manning drove off to the station. The train was due at seven-thirty, and precisely at that hour Mrs. Manning put the soup back on the fire to warm it up.

He'll be here any minute now, she kept saying to herself, and she divided her time between putting little finishing touches to the dining room table and darting into the parlour to peer out of the window that commanded the road from the station.

At ten to eight she thought, 'My goodness, will they never come!'

Then she laughed at herself, amused at her own impatience over a matter of minutes when she had been waiting for months and months for this event.

She heard the train leave the station and her heart began to throb with excitement.

But at a quarter after eight they had not arrived.

At half-past eight she heard the sound of wheels on the driveway.

She rushed to the door. Mr. Manning had returned alone.

He drove slowly into the barn, began unhitching Belle. She could not wait, but ran out to him through the wood shed, the dusk hiding from him the disappointment on her face.

'Didn't he come, papa?'

'No, I guess he must have missed his train.'

'Oh!'

'Don't worry, mamma, he'll come in the morning likely.'

'I wonder if anything has happened to him.'

Silence.

'Do you want the lantern, papa?'

'No, I can see all right. You go on in.'

She went to the house, walking slowly along the passageway leading from the barn to the kitchen.

She lifted the lid from the pot in which the soup was steaming. It was just right for eating. They could have some of it now, but her appetite was gone.

When Mr. Manning came in from the barn he threw the mail on the table, washed his hands at the sink, dried them on the towel in the corner, never saying a word, never looking at her.

When he finally did face her across the table he looked old, haggard. A few hours before he had

been happy, she had thought to herself, how young he looks.

Then, suddenly, 'Papa, you are keeping something from me!'

Mr. Manning looked miserable. He was not accustomed to lying. But he said 'No', and stuck to it for a long time in spite of all Mrs. Manning's attempts to make him talk.

Finally he said, 'Oh, it's nothing. I'll tell you in the morning.'

And that was all she could get out of him.

She washed the dishes while he read the paper.

After that they sat in the dining room, she with some mending, he with his paper.

She knew she would not sleep all night, and Mr. Manning might as well have had a blank sheet of paper in front of him as the newspaper, for he had something to tell his wife and before God he was afraid it would kill her.

There was a step on the verandah. Mr. Manning heard it first, because he had been waiting, fearfully, for something like that. He shot a startled glance at his wife, looked down quickly when he found her eyes fixed on his.

They heard someone fumbling at the front door. It was hot and the inner door was open, but the screen door was latched.

Mrs. Manning got up, opened the door into the hallway, walked forward a few steps, switched on the light.

The light was dim but sufficiently powerful to show her that the man in khaki standing in the doorway was her son Bob.

She sensed something wrong and stood rooted there looking at him, unable to move, bereft of speech.

He clutched at the knob of the screen door, but even with that support she could see that he swayed slightly. His tunic was open at the neck and several of the lower buttons were not fastened, allowing the garment to swing open in slovenly style. The front of his uniform was splotted with dust, as if he had staggered along a dusty roadway, tripping and falling frequently and struggling to his feet again. He wore no cap and his hair was wild and uncombed. He must have fallen and hit his nose, for beneath his nostrils was a tiny trickle of blood.

His mother thought at first he was sick.

'Bob,' she cried, then jumped and threw open the screen door.

Bob lurched into the hallway, brushed past his mother, grabbed with one hand for the railing guarding the stairway, missed it and fell flat on his face.

He was drunk.

The realization came to his mother like a sudden blow on the face, and she shrank back from him as she saw her son sprawled on the floor at her feet. She knew he was drunk, and if she had had any doubts on that score one look at her husband's face swept them away. She was stunned, but she thought, so that was what papa was keeping from me.

The rest of the night was a nightmare. Mrs. Manning, after one long look at her son, turned and ran through the parlour, through the sitting room into the kitchen and out into the cool night air. On the verandah thick vines made the night blacker

still, and in this grateful darkness she crouched in a big chair, repeating again and again to herself that this couldn't be so, but knowing that it was so and feeling that she would never be able again to hold up her head proudly among the village folk.

Later Mr. Manning found her sitting crushed there in the dark, her small body taut like a wire, her eyes dry and staring.

For the first time in his life he had put a drunken man to bed. He was trembling, because this man was his own son.

They sat in silence, finding comfort in each other's presence, but unable to pray. This thing that had come upon them seemed too profane to take to God, but, when, at midnight, they went indoors again, they got down on their knees side by side and prayed while their son lay upstairs breathing heavily in drunken sleep.

* * *

When Bob Manning awoke in the morning he did not know where he was.

He had a horrible taste in his mouth.

'Christ, drunk again,' he muttered.

But the room he was in looked familiar and a terrible thought flashed through his mind, 'God, did I come home drunk last night.'

He lay there for a long time trying to reconstruct what had happened.

He remembered getting on the train. He had been perfectly sober then. Later he had met a young lieutenant of artillery who had been slightly drunk. Bob was a gunner and the young lieutenant hailed him as a brother.

'Why, we're both in the same outfit. What, me a lieutenant and you a gunner? Well, who in hell gives a damn about that now? Gotta have a drink with me!' And he had leered waggishly at Bob.

Bob had demurred at first. He knew what his mother thought about drinking, his father too for that matter, and he would rather have gone home with an arm off than with a breath reeking of liquor.

But it would be hours before he got home, perhaps if he took one little drink with this important lieutenant that would satisfy him, then he could slip away and hide from him in some other car.

But Bob had not reckoned with the convivial nature of the young lieutenant, nor with his capacity for strong liquor. After the first drink he had insisted on Bob having another, just for old time's sake. Then they discovered they had both helped smash the Hindenburg line. Their third drink had been in celebration of this great event in the history of the war and after that it hadn't mattered a damn what or why or when they drank.

Bob's recollections of what followed were dim, vague, hazy.

He recalled having fallen down the steps of the passenger coach onto a hard surface and of cursing savagely at the pain as his knees hit asphalt, hard as stone.

He had a faint memory of picking up his kit bag, of pushing his haversack back upon his hips where it couldn't keep on bumping into his legs and of trying to stand up straight while people, passenger coaches, express trucks and the whole world revolved about him like a vast whirligig.

He had been bundled into a carriage behind a

slow-moving horse and had travelled until he fell asleep. He had awakened to find himself being thrust into a bed in a strange place. He seemed to recall vaguely hearing someone saying something to the effect that it would be all right, Mr. Manning, that he could stay there till the morning and no one would be the wiser.

A growing feeling of resentment, a conviction that someone was giving him a dirty deal, had finally overcome the inertia of his drink-laden brain and he remembered, as in a dream, getting up from that bed and creeping softly as possible out of that house. He seemed to have fallen after that, time and again, on a dusty road, then had tumbled into a second house when somebody inside had opened the door quickly. After that his mind was a blank.

He lay in bed afraid to move. He thought he was having a dream and he hoped to God it was a dream. There were white curtains on the window and they moved gently in the breeze. To the right of the bed was a washstand, and on it was a deep white bowl with a big white pitcher in it. Near the window was a dresser with a mirror in it and it and the washstand and the bit of the foot of the bed he could see were all of the same light-coloured wood. Directly opposite the foot of the bed was a white door. That was the closet where his clothes were stored. To the left of that was another white door. That led out into a long passage, or corridor, and across it was another white door, opening into another bed room where his mother and father slept. At the end of the corridor and to the left stairs descended to the main rooms of the house. Straight ahead was his father's study, with walls lined with books and a big table in the centre with a green light on it and a Bible lying open under the light.

His mind wandered like this from room to room of the house and he knew that it was not a dream.

He knew how his mother and father would feel about him and he also knew that nothing he could ever do would ever make any difference.

Then he wished the young lieutenant he had met on the train, and whose name he did not even know, was in hell.

He lay there thinking for a long time, and the longer he lay there the stronger his conviction grew that there was nothing he could do about it and that he might as well go downstairs and face his mother and his father.

He got up, went to the bath room and washed, then crept down the back stairs guiltily, like a criminal.

His mother was in the kitchen and her face shocked him. She looked at him and smiled wanly. This was not the homecoming she had imagined, and the agony of the long night was etched sharply in the lines of her face.

She could neither reproach him nor greet him with affection, so she took refuge in commonplaces, asking him if he would like an egg for breakfast.

'Yes, mother,' but his voice sounded so unnatural that he dared not say anything more.

While Bob was making a pretence of eating his father came in. They did not look at each other. Mr. Manning washed his hands, brushed his hair and with the brush still in his hand turned to his son and said in a dull, bitter voice, but quite distinctly:

'You had better never have come home at all.'

Bob started as if his father had slapped him, and flushed, the red staining his neck, his ears, flooding over his cheeks and brow, receding to leave him deathly pale.

He did not say a word.

His mother said, 'Oh, papa, you shouldn't!'

She plucked nervously at the sleeve of his shirt with her fingers. Then she broke into an uncontrollable fit of weeping. They were the first tears she had shed since Bob came home.

Bob walked slowly upstairs, came down again, went out of the house.

At noon he had not returned.

At five o'clock Mr. Manning went up into the loft over the barn to throw down some hay for Belle. It was dark there and he shuffled through the loose hay on the floor to the low door at the front and threw it open.

When he turned he saw lying in the shaft of light cast from the open door the body of his son.

He was quite dead.

Blood oozed from a blackened wound in his right temple and had dripped through the sparse stalks of the hay to the flooring, where it had coagulated into a pool.

Beside him lay an army revolver of heavy calibre—a souvenir of the war.

Mr. Manning stared at his son's body for a long time then stooped suddenly and picked up the gun. He moved it irresolutely upwards, then stopped and examined it.

There had been only one bullet in it and all that was left of that was the shell.

EPISTLE WITH CODA

Remember—hearts, like trout, from falls to shallows dart

Should a shadow quiver.

And flesh is active dust:

Dead ecstasies are weights on arms and seals on lips.

We made provision for the ending of our flight

In words, but words—we find—

Are only chiselled sound

Without connotation or patterns for the brain.

And now we learn that water does not flow from pens

And Jouvence has no ink.

Coda:

Perhaps this brief-lived flame we mourn

Gave bliss too transient to keep

But wrought for us a moss-healed ruin

To treasure as a living thing.

H. ROONEY PELLETIER



VANCOUVER'S FOLK ART FESTIVAL

By LAURA MARSHALL JAMIESON

WE may or may not agree with Beverley Nichols that it is just because his instincts forbid a man to regard a foreigner as his brother that he should support all the more strongly the institutions which compel him to do so. This writer—the first man to write about the League of Nations without boring us—admits, however, that the atmosphere of Disarmament Conferences and League meetings is such as to make it impossible for the foreigner to appear as a lovable specimen of mankind.

It was the desire to create a very different atmosphere from this, one in which nationals could meet naturally and informally, that inspired the founding of the International Club of Vancouver. For eight years it has provided a happy social milieu for members of many of the national groups in the city, twenty-one to be exact.

One of the Club's most active Presidents, Mrs. John T. McCay, had greater ambitions. She had a vision of a large gathering, where national groups could present to the public in tangible form something of the art and culture of the countries from which they came. But the Club, being a rather loose federation of groups, hesitated to attempt such an ambitious task.

This summer an ally came to camp. A young Bavarian, whose mother is a prominent worker in the Women's International League of Dresden, spent his holidays in Vancouver. Wolfe Schwangart sang the folk songs of European countries to the accompaniment of a guitar; and, like the troubadours of old, he conveyed to his hearers something of the wistful romance of the spirit and the age in which the songs were born. A recital was arranged; and besides the folk songs, Mr. Schwangart presented some young Tyrolean folk dancers, whom he had found in Vancouver. Their graceful, vigorous dances were received with great enthusiasm. At the close of the recital the singer stated that he hoped the interest in folk songs and dances would justify some sort of festival, in which the hidden store of folk art in Vancouver might be drawn out and presented to the public.

Very soon Mrs. McCay and Mr. Schwangart, as co-directors, made plans for what later appeared as 'First Vancouver Folksong and Dance Festival, with Arts and Crafts Exhibition. September 21-25, 1933'. It was a task which required infinite tact, as well as untiring energy, for national groups are sensitive. Was the German group to dance under the Swastika or Republican flag? Could White Russians sing in tune beneath the despised Sickle and Hammer? A happy solution would have been to dispense with flags altogether; but what then about the Union Jack? Somehow all the problems were solved. For did not the festival offer a golden opportunity for many a group whose light had been hidden under a bushel to shine forth in a larger area? And shine they did. Vancouver was amazed.

It is difficult to describe this festival of nations. Climbing the stair one came upon Russian blouses with gay cross-stitch, and whole bridal outfits of Russia's former days. Tables of Greek needlework

and Hungarian embroidery vied with the brilliant colours of Swedish and Norwegian designs. Italian sculpture stood beside Delftware from Holland. One whole room was furnished with gorgeous Chinese materials. Japan and India displayed rugs and pictures. Finland's exhibit included hand-made sports materials for Olympic games. Irish linen and Scottish hand-woven materials were there. German, Austrian, Swiss, and French were represented in arts and crafts. Finally a Canadian room housed basketware made by West Coast Indians, handicrafts from the Vancouver School of Art, and some magnificent Batiks from Toronto, the only exhibit not drawn from Vancouver.

Along with the exhibits were nationals, plying their crafts; the potter with her wheel, moulding her clay; an Indian chief carving totems, and his wife making baskets. An Austrian woman demonstrated net-making, and many worked at their special embroideries. Several spinning wheels were kept busy, and two weavers worked their looms. Several Japanese women showed how floral arrangements were made in Japanese houses, and others demonstrated ceremonial tea making. The ancient art of seal cutting was explained by a Chinese gentleman. These workers willingly told the origins of various designs, the legends or traditions underlying certain crafts, and countless interesting stories connected with them. It was delightful to see these nationals, after the crowds had gone, intermingling with talk and argument, enjoying the exchange of ideas. From the first day the Festival was crowded with an eager audience. On every side was heard the comment: 'I never dreamed that Vancouver had all this wealth of art and handicrafts from other countries'.

The evening concerts were crowded out from the first, until the final concert was held in a larger auditorium. Sixteen national groups presented their folk songs or dances, and often both. The variety was endless, and the sharp contrasts sometimes startling. A Russian choir sang national songs in exquisite harmony. French-Canadian tableaux featured costumes and folk songs, 'Alouette' being sung with gusto. A Jugoslavian 'Tamburitza' orchestra played folk airs, and two young men danced a wild Slavic dance. Spanish girls performed the dances of Andalusia and Valencia. A coloured quartet sang negro spirituals. The Greeks danced both classical and more modern folk dances. One of Hans Anderson's fairy tales was recited, with interpretative dances by a Danish girl. The Japanese Fan Dance was performed by three little maids from school, whose very infancy and artlessness gave it added charm. (It is interesting to note that when Michio Ito came to Vancouver a few weeks ago he danced the Fan Dance with a precision and studied grace that held the audience spellbound).

The Swedish and Norwegian groups gave evidence of preserving their dances most faithfully. They danced with an ease that spoke of constant use, and in a spirit of gaiety which was infectious. Indeed, the costumes were gaiety themselves. The brilliant, embroidered dresses, jaunty caps and demure aprons of the women were matched by the gay

vests and tasselled hose of the men. The dances reminded one of Grieg's joyful music.

The Icelandic contribution was unique. It portrayed an evening at home in Iceland. One woman was spinning, another embroidering, while one of the men sitting by the hearth chanted an old Icelandic saga. Presently they all sang folk songs.

One cannot estimate the full value of such a festival. It should stimulate Anglo-Saxons to appreciate more strongly the art of the new Canadians; and it should encourage the latter to preserve and continue the arts of their motherlands. The festival certainly added to the gaiety of nations and also to the goodwill; and who knows but it may have inspired some future Ito or Pavlova?

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THE DARK VALLEY

We are shut in by hills
And pressed upon by skies
Drawn tight above our heads.
Our day is brief, the darkness
Long. But life goes on
In its insistent patterns
As it has always gone.

A stranger came one day
Across the mountain. He said
(His eyes were bright with joy)
That if we climbed our hills
The sky would lift and we
Should see wide worlds of light
With open plains and rivers
Like bright ribbons, tying
Town to town, the people
Flying like winged angels
Across the plains and rivers.

I cannot say. I only
Know what I have seen:
Of those who went with him
To find that land, it may be
That the unreturning
Few now dwell in light;
The many, fallen back
Into our valley, live
Dissatisfied and sullen,
At odds with friend and wife.

But I who did not climb
Am still content in darkness,
Knowing that my eyes
Could never bear strong light.

FRANCES R. ANGUS

YOHO RIVER

Yoho! Yoho!

Crashing rhythms of turbid water
breaking through space.

Dirty, soapy water
pouring out of Mister Yoho's
Chinese laundry—
where glaciers are washed
and spread out to dry
on mountain peaks.

Opaque grey-green mass
rushing to contaminate
the clear, sparkling torrent
Of the Kicking-Horse.

A. F. KEY

A generous commission is offered agents who secure subscriptions to *THE CANADIAN FORUM*.



THE FATHER OF RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT

THE LIFE OF ROBERT BALDWIN, by George E. Wilson (The Ryerson Press; pp. 312; \$2.50).

ROBERT BALDWIN played such an important role in the history of Canada that it is remarkable that he should have waited until now for a real biography. With great industry and care Professor Wilson has made his way through a mass of material and has brought together in this volume all the important facts of Baldwin's career.

The characterization of Baldwin is well done. He was a man of rigid principle and his character was of the exemplary type. 'His was not a brilliant intellect, but he had a good understanding, independent, cautious, tenacious.' 'Reformers respected their leader but found him cold and reserved.' 'His complexion was pale, his expression stolid. . . . In all his pictures there is the same lack of animation.' 'One who knew him well wrote that if he had a lawsuit he would be willing to abide by Baldwin's decision, although if Baldwin said he had a case he might find a barrister more capable of handling the jury.' It will be readily seen that if this book is somewhat lacking in colour, that is largely due to the lack of colour in the man himself. He lived, however, in stirring times, and too little of the stir is reflected in these pages.

The student of political and constitutional history will be grateful for Professor Wilson's patient and practically exhaustive research among the sources, the accuracy with which he reports his facts, and the care with which he cites authorities for his statements. At the same time he will be disappointed that there are so few new contributions that are of first-rate historical importance, and also that after this exhaustive study of the sources there is no fresh and vital re-interpretation of any part of the period covered by Baldwin's life. The author indicates his attitude to secondary authorities in his 'bibliographical note'. 'As far as possible this Life of Robert Baldwin has been written from original sources. If for any reason it was necessary to deviate from this rule the fact has been indicated in the footnotes. . . . All of the secondary works, it is hoped, have been consulted; comparatively few, however, have been used.' The few secondary works that have been used all seem to be old. They do not include a number of excellent books written in recent years which have dealt with topics closely related to Baldwin's life and have contributed valuable reinterpretations. Professor Wilson discusses these topics, sometimes at considerable length, yet he writes as though Professor Kennedy's *Lord Elgin*, Professor Martin's *Empire and Commonwealth*, Professor Glazebrook's *Sir Charles Bagot in Canada*, Miss Dunham's *Political Unrest in Upper Canada*, and William Smith's *Political Leaders of Upper Canada* had never been written.

Robert Baldwin's chief claim to immortality lies in the fact that he was 'the father of Responsible Government', which laid the foundation of an effective Canadian democracy of the British type. This biography makes it quite clear that the application of this principle was first advocated in Canada by Robert Baldwin and his father, and first carried into the political arena by Robert for whom it was always the primary consideration, while for his father it was only one of a number of reforms. The petition of 1828 is cited as the first expression of the principle. But this petition did not necessarily imply responsible government as Dr. Wilson and constitutional historians generally understand the term. Most of those who signed the petition probably interpreted it differently, if indeed they understood the Baldwin idea at all. W. W. Baldwin's accompanying letter to the Duke of Wellington did advocate responsible government clearly, but this book makes no mention of that letter.

Robert Baldwin's fight for responsible government was waged not only against Canadian opponents but against a series of British governors. In the account of the struggle against Sir F. B. Head for the principle that the Governor should consult the Executive Council in all matters, the absurdity of Baldwin's interpretation of the Constitutional Act of 1791 is lost sight of, and no mention is made of Baldwin's misinterpretation of the Canadian situation to the British government. The account of the manner in which Head fought his battle is disappointingly tame, and is not fair to Head.

The influence of Baldwin on Lord Durham and his famous report is fully described and indeed the importance of his letter to Durham, enclosing as it did his remarkably able letter to Glenelg, can hardly be overestimated. The story of Baldwin's relations with Lord Sydenham up to his resignation of office is told more completely than we have had it before. The account is enriched by the use of new sources. The author practically admits that Baldwin's action in joining Sydenham's Executive Council was inconsistent with his principle of responsible government, but appears to believe that it was justifiable under all the circumstances. He convinces us that Baldwin's conduct throughout was extremely conscientious. But at the time Baldwin could see nothing but his opportunity to establish the principle of responsible government. If we turn to look at the course of events from Sydenham's view-point, we cannot fairly blame him for feeling indignant that this man accepted office under him as Solicitor-General, then joined a ministry which he (Sydenham) had formed and proposed to lead himself for the purpose of putting through a definite legislative programme, then arranged with the French-Canadian Reformers for a new parliamentary party, and, as soon as parliament met to proceed with the legislative programme, demanded that Sydenham break up the ministry he had formed and bring in the new party, which certainly would not have carried out the programme. Recent writers have agreed that if Sydenham had not put through his legislative programme, thus placing the country on a sound economic basis with a system of municipal government, and, for the time being at least, a firmly established union of the provinces, Baldwin's responsible government would have been killed in its

cradle. If Professor Wilson agrees with this he does not say so. Nor does he recognize the value to Baldwin's later establishment of responsible government of the new constitutional machinery which Sydenham set up.

It is refreshing to find a book which speaks of 'the Lafontaine-Baldwin ministry' instead of the old erroneous 'Baldwin-Lafontaine ministry'. The author shows very clearly that Baldwin always recognized Lafontaine as the leader of the party and the head of both the ministries in which they worked together. To a considerable degree this was due to Bagot, although in later years it owed much to Baldwin's generosity. Bagot at first refused to recognize Baldwin at all; when he accepted him as a minister he acknowledged defeat, but he saw to it that Baldwin entered the ministry in the wake of Lafontaine's leadership. When to this there is added Bagot's adroit prevention of a vote of want of confidence and his avoidance both of Baldwin's 'reconstruction' and of any explicit agreement to the principle of responsible government, it would appear that Baldwin's victory over Bagot was hardly as complete as this book represents it as being.

Baldwin's last struggle for responsible government was waged against Sir Charles Metcalfe. The author recognizes that this was, to some extent, a fight for patronage, but he gives us no adequate conception of the rapacity of Baldwin's followers. As one reads, one longs for quotations from some of those letters in the Baldwin manuscripts in which Baldwin is urged to 'turn all these damned Tories out' and reward with offices as many Reformers as possible. Yet Baldwin was the sort of man who, even in this situation, could keep his eyes fixed on the movement for responsible government alone and, while his followers scrambled for the loaves and the fishes, could declare with all sincerity, 'Our cause is not that merely of a party. It is the cause of our country'.

Baldwin's final success in respect to responsible government came under Lord Elgin. Professor Wilson points out clearly the factors which made Elgin's task easier than that of his predecessors, a consideration usually lost sight of in the discussion of the period. He gives a new and important letter from Boulton to Baldwin which reveals the latter's conscientious misgivings in regard to the original form of the Rebellion Losses Bill because it actually provided 'pay for rebels'. It is interesting to learn that when Baldwin's house was endangered by the mob, Bishop Strachan and his wife visited him and offered him and his family a refuge in their own home. The usual exaggerated and misleading statements in respect to the relation of the Rebellion Losses Bill to responsible government are avoided.

Egerton Ryerson's name stood first on the list of 'renegades' whose official heads were to fall when the Reformers came into power in 1848. Baldwin's sense of justice and interest in education prevented this. His vigorous action on Ryerson's behalf is the more to his credit because there was little love lost between the two men.

Professor Wilson regards the Municipal Bill of 1849 as Baldwin's greatest legislative achievement. The activities of the Orange Order were offensive to Baldwin's liberalism, but it was a strange sort of liberalism that induced him to urge Metcalfe to dis-

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miss all Orangemen from office and prompted him to introduce a bill which was to be a test act preventing them (his political opponents) from holding office in the future. One wonders whether Baldwin believed that this also was actuated more by love of country than by love of party. His liberalism was largely responsible for the secularization of the University of Toronto to the disgust of those who spoke of it as 'that hot-bed of error, infidelity and republicanism'. At the same time he hoped to kill Queen's. He at first attempted to withhold degree-conferring power from Trinity College, but finally a grudging liberalism conceded that the granting of such power was 'a lesser evil than that the Church of England should suffer an injustice'.

One lays down the book with a sincere admiration for Baldwin and a deepened recognition of his place in our history. The story of his life so fully narrated should stimulate in Canadians their appreciation of their national heritage.

I have noticed only three or four 'slips', none of which are important enough to detail. The numerous foot-notes appear to be flawlessly accurate, an evidence of good proof-reading as well as careful citation.

CHESTER W. NEW

LIBERAL SURVEYS OF DICTATORSHIP

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME, by H. G. Wells (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 431; \$2.75).

THE POLITICAL MADHOUSE IN AMERICA AND NEARER HOME, by Bernard Shaw (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 63; \$.60).

THE LIFE OF CAESAR, by Guglielmo Ferrero (Nelson; pp. 525; \$4.75).

A SINCERE and ardent young reformer remarked lately, in a moment of candid illumination and human weakness, that he was working with all his might for a more sane, more just, and more efficient social order in Canada; and when that end was achieved, he thought he would go and live somewhere else. There is every day a wider spread of the idea, so much resented in *Back to Methuselah*, that though we must bring about a better state of things, we are not worthy, and need not hope, to enjoy it. There is a not unheroic tendency in many of the present generation to accept the role of a Moses, destined to lead others to the Promised Land, but forbidden to enter it. They confess, with Mr. Wells, 'If I were transferred to this infinitely happier and more spacious world the history of Raven's reveals, I should be continually and irreparably, in small things and great things alike, discordant.' It has often been remarked as a common characteristic of Mr. Wells' various Utopias, that no one else would want to live in them. That he himself should anticipate discomfort in this latest edition, is rather to his credit than to the discredit of the Utopia, for it is by all odds the most mellow, the most varied, the most intellectual and the most aesthetic that he has yet offered us.

To many, however, the most interesting part of the book will be the analysis of recent history and contemporary tendencies. The temptation is almost irresistible to quote the telling summaries of character and situations, phrased in the detached, lordly

confidence that history books employ for the remote past. For the ideas expressed, Mr. Wells would be the last man to claim any startling novelty. Not only are they consonant with his whole attitude, but he would say, and with much justice, that they are what any intelligent man must think about most of the subjects in question. Only, few others could phrase their judgements with such provocative point, such calmly infuriating plausibility.

The book is permeated by a stubborn liberalism that sees the necessity, but cannot blink the undesirability, of tyrannies, that finds the dictatorship of Marxism essentially no more acceptable, no more free from cant, from wastage of human resource and opportunity, than the dictatorship of Hitlerism. Though in certain forms and details anticipating a rational polity, he sees it stunted and hampered by 'the blinkered originality of Karl Marx's nineteenth century democratic sentimentalities'. Russia he sees reverting to smug and narrow nationalism, while the technicians of the world, particularly the airmen, initiate the world-wide dictatorship that is to pull the world out of the inevitable catastrophe into a rational polity.

Like many others, Mr. Wells more than once mentions the obvious parallel between the present condition of the Western world, and the last centuries of Roman civilization. Historians are beginning to realize more clearly the importance in that catastrophe of the maldistribution of wealth that made the mass of the populace at once unable and unwilling to defend the system that exploited them, while the wealthier classes that profited by it, could find no workable political principle to ensure its maintenance. But no parallel in human affairs can ever be exact; and the great advance not merely in the spread of physical, but of political science, rudimentary as the latter still is, leads Mr. Wells to imagine a much shorter Dark Age, and a more glorious recovery.

The feature that most distinguishes this book from the numerous recent histories of the future, apart from the cool plausibility inherited from long practice in the scientific romances, and the smooth, persuasive actuality of the style, is the breadth of view, the realization and attempted evaluation of many factors of prime importance in group psychology and human nature in general. One might instance particularly the chapters on the adolescent behaviour of nations that had lost the war generation, the probable influence on public action of a rise in the average age, the estimate, less hysterically blood-curdling than most, but quite adequately appalling, of the character of the next European war, placed, as most observers do place it, in the decade 1940-1950.

In an age when various specialists insist so strongly on the paramount and even exclusive importance of their own obsessions, such a book fairly read is of the utmost value in bringing a more complex and concrete reality into discussions of human organization. It offers suggestions for fruitful self-criticism that no serious thinker on political subjects should consider himself entitled to ignore.

Apart from its serious merits, this is one of the most readable books Mr. Wells has ever produced. Nowhere has he handled the epigram with better effect. What, for instance, could better describe the

present bewilderment than this? 'People could not get out of the sinking social vessels in which they found themselves, for the simple reason that nothing but the imperfectly assembled phantom of a salvage ship was yet in sight, a large rudderless powerless promise, so to speak, standing by.'

Even the epigrams of Bernard Shaw's lecture to the Academy of Political Science in New York, if they have more glitter, have less glow. The English edition is preceded by a preface that disposes of the unhappy World Economic Conference with concise and patient lucidity, and comforts susceptible Americans with the assurance that their folly is almost innocent and rational compared to that of Europe.

Mr. Shaw, with his usual crisp simplicity that, if it does not go to the heart of a subject, at least phrases it in an easily grasped and arguable form, is unweariedly engaged in his life's task of pointing out the obvious. A very necessary task; for the rationally obvious, on account of interfering prejudices and habits, is usually the last thing to be grasped. In the brief space of a lecture, he drags into the light, with a certain crudity inevitable in dealing with a popular audience, true and amusing facts about the rise of the Hundred-per-cent American, the nature of the American Constitution, the history of Mormonism and political polygamy, export and import fallacies, international debts, and the blessing it is to other nations that Russia should be communist, instead of a competing capitalist imperialism. Unlike Mr. Wells, who sees no hope of a workable economic and social order except on the basis of functionally-ordered world state, Mr. Shaw laying more stress on purely economic problems, advises the Americans to centre their attention on setting their own house in order, and working out a specifically American political system.

Along with these liberalist interpretations of the present and future, it is interesting to take up again Guglielmo Ferrero's analysis from a similar viewpoint, of a period of past history that has striking resemblances to the present. The re-interpretation of Julius Caesar's work with which in 1901 Signor Ferrero pricked the reluctant and suspicious minds of students of Roman history, has gradually established itself more and more firmly. 'That creation of romanticism, the hero-usurper and the saviour-tyrant' has been replaced by the more living and credible figure of the incomparable opportunist, the versatile genius who in a time of social and political conflict such as the ancient world had never seen, succeeded in becoming a great general, a great writer, a great character, a great destroyer, but not a great statesman. Though the *Greatness and Decline of Rome*, from the first two volumes of which this book is taken, was written in 1901, it is more than ever timely as a criticism of the impatient minds that see in dictatorships a too easy and enduring solution of the way out of present difficulties. 'Revolutionary usurpation is an historical experiment which the West must thoroughly understand, if it is not to be brought to ruin by the illusions in which it wraps itself. . . . Usurpation, whether on a grand or a small scale, cannot now, any more than in the past, be a solution, but only a complication—an extreme complication of an already difficult situa-

tion, which the advent of a usurper renders insoluble save by a catastrophe.'

L. A. MacKAY

... ET VIVE LA CANADIENNE

CANADIEN, A STUDY OF THE FRENCH-CANADIANS, by Wilfrid Bovey—with over 50 illustrations from photographs (J. M. Dent & Sons Limited; pp. xvii-293; cloth \$2.00, paper \$1.50).

IT is distressing to think what eastern Canada would be like were it not for the saving presence of several million French-Canadians. The national pea-soup would have no salt. Dreadfully, dreadfully, our Atlantic and central provinces would sprawl their 100 per cent. Anglo-Americanism across the great open spaces; our smugness would be more smug, our complacency more complacent. Thank God for French Canada.

Properly to appreciate this heaven-sent blessing one must be an English Canadian and a Quebecker, brought up and living side by side with one's fellow-countrymen of the other race. This first prerequisite Mr. Bovey possesses, and for this, if for no other reason, he would be qualified to present the French-Canadian to the rest of Canada. In point of fact he can lay claim to one or two other minor qualifications: he has been a serious student of the French-Canadian for years, he is completely bilingual, his job as chief ballyhoo agent for McGill University brings him naturally into day-by-day contact with French-Canadians of every class, he knows every nook and corner of the Province of Quebec in the intimate way that a lover knows the body of his mistress, and indeed writes of its soil and its scenery so terrifically *con amore* that it is sometimes almost embarrassing. It is for all these reasons that Mr. Bovey has been able to compose the most significant book on French Canada that has appeared since W. H. Moore published *The Clash*. But whereas *The Clash* came out at a particular moment and with a special end in view, *Canadien*, treating the same subject both more extensively and more universally, is without doubt the more important book, and a book that does credit not only to the author but to the publisher. Paper, type, end-paper maps, and the unusually good photographs are all excellent, if no better than the text deserves.

Mr. Bovey seems fully alive to the necessity of lighting the darkness of ignorance which beclouds the whole French-Canadian question in the minds of so many Canadians in other parts of the Dominion. He gives plenty of examples in his introductory chapter to show what strange misconceptions exist regarding his hero and they could be added to every day, especially in the more 'hostile' provinces like Ontario and Saskatchewan. Attempting a methodical re-focusing of the issue, Mr. Bovey very properly begins at the beginning and in a series of thoughtful essays retells Canadian history from the *canadien* point of view, emphasizing where necessary those points of friction in the past which have made the present-day French-Canadian just a little wary of the motives and intentions of his English-speaking compatriots.

But the best chapters in the whole book are those dealing with education. No single phase of French-

Canadian life is so completely different and so strange to the average English Canadian from other provinces as the logically constructed, systematic web of primary schools, *colleges classiques* and universities that moulds the mind of the French Catholic of Quebec. However much one may disagree with the rigid premises on which the whole edifice rests, at least it is a system. Beside it our English Canadian anarchy looks like an academic bear garden.

Having expressed the admiration I feel for this important book, I feel it is my privilege to carp just a little. There is the chapter on French-Canadian literature, for instance. A rehash of the ancient gospel according to Monseigneur Roy is no longer an adequate presentation of this important matter, and it is a pity that on this occasion Mr. Bovey should do his subject less than justice. And he can quote Fréchette until he is blue in the face before he will convince me or anyone else under the age of seventy-five that that amiable rhymster was a 'great' poet.

But there is a weightier bone of contention still to pick. In his preface Mr. Bovey protests that it was not his intention to write a really critical study of the French-Canadian. I doubt whether this adroit side-stepping should get him off scot-free. He should have written a critical study and he, if anyone, was equipped to do so. Rose-tinted eulogy has so often the very opposite effect from the one it is intended to produce. If Orange fanatics read at all, and if they should chance to come upon Mr. Bovey's book, I can well imagine them mistrusting every word of it because of its obvious partiality. The *Canadien* is an admirable person, but he has his weak points, and Mr. Bovey is sometimes too ready to pretend that they are virtues. He even goes so far as to defend the family compact that has swallowed government in Quebec for the past thirty years. The enthusiasm for private enterprise and the reverence for 'vested interests' are also made to appear as wholly admirable. Alas! . . . fanatics like myself who wish to make Canada over into something a little better realize only too well that the docility and the conservatism of the French-Canadian present one of the hardest problems to solve. But then Mr. Bovey would probably list this characteristic, too, in his litany of all the virtues.

FELIX WALTER

IGNORANT OLD MEN

LORD RIDDELL'S WAR DIARY, 1914-1918 (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 387; \$6.00).

PEACEMAKING, 1919, by Harold Nicolson (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 378; \$5.50).

WITHOUT disparaging the usefulness of Lord Riddell's selections from his war diary, one reads this volume with a growing sense of disappointment. Whether its author was unduly cautious in his selections, or unduly discreet in what he set down, or whether he used his diary chiefly for the record of fleeting personal contacts and left more official activities to official records, is difficult to say. Perhaps there was a combination of all three. In any case, the result is a sense of an untold story lurking behind a facade of casual chit-chat, with only brief and tantalizing glimpses of the varied activity behind the scenes.

Even this is by no means without its value. Lord Riddell was in constant touch with Lloyd George throughout the war. He had many contacts with the other leading figures, including Balfour, Churchill, and Bonar Law. In their comments on men and affairs there is much that is enlightening, and the historian of this crowded period will find this volume an invaluable running commentary on personalities and events. But its value is supplementary rather than absolute. It is interesting to have a record of Lloyd George's attitude on various critical occasions; but that attitude is only partially revealed, and its full significance depends on a broader picture of the whole situation than is given in these pages. One feels that Lord Riddell could tell the whole story if he only would. It is disappointing that he does not choose to do so.

If one accepts these limitations, however, one must recognize that the volume still fills a useful purpose. The conversations which it records are often of the casual type, but are none the less interesting for their personal judgements, and through the remarks of Lloyd George there are continual flashes of epigram which illuminate his relations with his colleagues. His statement, for instance, that 'an alliance with Northcliffe is like going for a walk with a grasshopper', is as neat a summary of his own experience as could be wished. The book is not of first rate importance; but it will take a useful place among the secondary sources for a study of politicians and the war.

Implicit—perhaps unconsciously—in Lord Riddell's pages is the sense of confusion and incompetence among political leaders faced with an overwhelming crisis. The same impression is intensified and made explicit in Mr. Nicolson's book on the Peace Conference. 'Three ignorant men,' exclaims Balfour on one occasion, 'with a child to lead them!' One gets the impression that any additional numbers merely multiplied ignorance, and that any leadership which was not childish was certain to be ignored or rejected. The result was the Treaty of Versailles.

The purpose of this volume says Mr. Nicolson, is 'to catch, before it evaporates, the unhealthy and unhappy atmosphere of the Peace Conference'. In many ways it does for the Peace what C. E. Montague did for the war in *Disenchantment*. It is a record of the hopes and ideals amid which the Conference opens, and their slow wilting in that 'unhealthy and unhappy atmosphere', until there emerged the Treaty as evidence of the complete bankruptcy of world statesmanship.

In this tragedy the central figure was President Wilson. The first section of this volume, which is a study in retrospect of the essential forces at work, is to a large extent a record of Wilson's struggle against his own vitiating limitations, and the consequent disillusionment and failure which resulted from his defeat. No man in modern times roused greater hopes. No man was presented with a greater opportunity. That Wilson was unequal to the situation is perhaps merely a comment on human inadequacy—but it was none the less a tragedy for the world.

The second part of the book consists of extracts from the author's diary during the Conference. It is a close-up view of one section of that great ma-

chine in its day to day operation. The spectacle is profoundly discouraging. The figure of Wilson does not happen to emerge so clearly in this part; what does emerge is the diplomatic villainy of the Italians, and a more than implied apologia for the actions of Lloyd George. One must sympathize, I think, with this attitude. The limitations under which Lloyd George laboured were serious. Some were of his own creating, but many were inescapable. There is little doubt that more than anyone else—more even than Wilson—Lloyd George fought for a decent and reasonable peace. But decency and reasonableness were of little appeal to most of the victors; and if this book may prove, as the author hopes, a guide and a warning to young secretaries in future Conference, it also provides immediate food for somewhat bitter reflection on the part of contemporary readers.

EDGAR MCINNIS

DESCENT TO THE DEAD

GIVE YOUR HEART TO THE HAWKS, by Robinson Jeffers (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 199; \$2.75.)

BECAUSE the time shows apparent vices, to the point of curing ambition, Robinson Jeffers remembers the dead. He still conjures with the symbols that marked his previous books—the sea, mountains, rock, and the brittle-winged hawks—but his incorporeal glance now penetrates sand and heath; he surmises the bones under the barrow.

And the purpose of this descent to the dead is not to find comfort or sweetness in those dried marrows, but that he may the more thoroughly heap scorn on the living, whom he sees harshly as withered men in a dry age. He is uncompromising and solitary as his own passionately admired hawks; he cries out for freedom and individualism of the soul, since only through these virtues, says this poet in effect, is there any salvation for us.

His own soul's integrity is secure, and as positive as the granite crags of Carmel. The masculine intensiveness of his poetry makes that brilliantly clear. But he holds small hope for the world's rejuvenescence, without a withdrawal of allegiance from latter-day gods:—

Science that makes wheels turn, cities grow
Moribund people live on, playthings increase,
But has fallen from hope to confusion at her own business
Of understanding the nature of things . . .

and a return to ill-remembered fundamentals:—

It is necessary to remember our norm, the unaltered passions,
The same-coloured wings of imagination . . .
The unchanged lives of herdsmen and mountain farms,
Where men are few, and few tools, a few weapons, and their
dawns are beautiful.

There is little novelty in this. Jeffers has expressed these things passionately since the obscure appearance of *Tamar* in 1925; by now he has them formulated in a creed. True, it is one which will be disregarded carefully; nevertheless his voice cries these few magnificent notes over and over again in the wilderness.

The title poem of the collection takes its place with Jeffers' other powerful narrative poems. It tells how Lance Frazer killed his brother, and having left ordinary standards behind him, contrived

his own judgement. Briefly, he was mad, and after repeated acts of brutality and violence, leaped from a cliff, in that act giving his heart to the birds which symbolize freedom.

Jeffers' characters in this narrative, as in the others, are real enough, though their passions are darker and their sins heavier than the general portion. But their language is pure poetry, as unreal to our ears as the syllables of Isaiah.

The poems written about the cairns and cromlechs of prehistoric Ireland and Britain, and collected under the general heading of *Descent to the Dead* are the new departure, and a remarkable one at that. In these the poet is entirely unrestrained, and his lines take on a thunder and reverberation that is seldom met with outside the pages of the Prophets:—

I have lain and been humbled in all these graves, and mixed
new flesh with the old and filled the hollow of my mouth
With maggots and rotten dust and ages of repose.

His language is extraordinary language. His symbols at times are almost cyclopean. He writes a gaunt, ragged, unmetrical rhetoric—and effects a poetry that gives the reader grateful gooseflesh.

'At the Fall of an Age' is a dramatically built poem about the return of Achilles from the dead for love of Helen. It is both beautiful and gruesome; especially moving is the hanging of Trojan Helen at the hands of negro slaves. Here the act of the necrophile symbolizes the rebirth of beauty, just as in 'Resurrection' it illustrates the attainment of life through death.

Robinson Jeffers has simply added to his bulk of remarkable poetry. He does not exceed himself nor fall short of previous work. This book reiterates that he is a great poet as poets go in our day.

LEO KENNEDY

STANDARDS OF POETRY

DISCOVERING POETRY, by Elizabeth Drew (Oxford Press; pp. 224; \$2.50).

THIS book, as the title implies, is primarily intended to be a stimulus to the enjoyment and understanding of poetry, and of English poetry in particular. Criticism of some sort, as the preface points out, inevitably adheres to any reading of poetry that does not merely let the lines trickle through one's head like water through a sieve; and criticism of any satisfactory consistency must work from some standard or standards, however vague.

Miss Drew has, moreover, a firm grasp of the essential fact that it is only from the inspection of poetry itself that standards can be drawn; as the student of automobiles starts with a recognition, back of which he need not go for his particular purposes, of what, broadly, an automobile is, and on what principles the good are known from the bad, so the critic must first assume in himself and his reader a recognition of what is poetry. From this he must go on to explain and clarify the distinctions between what he recognizes as good, and what he recognizes as bad poetry. In his enthusiasm, he may, by an understandable exaggeration, go so far as to say of good poetry: 'This is poetry, the rest is not,' as the mechanic may say, 'This is an automobile; those others are merely go-carts.' But thanks to the pe-

culiar spiritual exaltation that good poetry gives, it is too often forgotten that such language is really hyperbolic. The other vehicles remain automobiles, however inferior; and any form of words that is rhythmically not prose, remains poetry in the generally accepted sense, whether good or bad. In poems as in automobiles, the essential difference is one of degrees of craftsmanship.

It makes for brevity, however, to say 'poetry' when as a rule we mean 'good poetry'; and the usage has been sanctioned by generations of writers. No harm is done, unless we imagine some chimerical quintessence separating 'poetry' from mere 'verse'. It is sufficient to say that one is effective, the other ineffective expression, in language of a certain recognizable rhythm. It is not even necessary to legislate minutely for the character of this rhythm. It is enough that the man of taste feels the difference between free verse, and prose printed in the same manner. If others, sometimes even the writers, fail to feel that difference, it does not matter, any more than it matters, except to the Hottentot, that a Hottentot should fail to distinguish between an automobile and a cement-mixer.

Just as we may still say, 'The automobile is the fastest land vehicle,' though some automobiles are slower than some express trains, or even than some cyclists, so we may accept without serious quarrel Miss Drew's definition, not meant to be complete or final, 'Poetry is the most concentrated and complex use of language there is.' Especially as the book is not so much an abstract inquiry into the nature and essence of poetry, as a very concrete introduction and proreptic to the reading of poetry.

There is, perhaps, no subject in which it is harder to accept and stick to a definite meaning for one's terms, and if Miss Drew occasionally plays fast and loose with them, she is in good company. She is most successful in imparting a reasoned enthusiasm for the wide diversity of excellent poetry she quotes. Though the value she assigns to Hopkins, for example, may seem excessive to some, and though she seems rather to miss the point in her discussion of Yeats' 'The Folly of Being Comforted', the acuteness of her observation and the sureness of her judgement, alike in ancient poets and modern, are a genuine gratification.

The theoretical passages, while thoughtful and stimulating, are occasionally careless and inconsistent. For example, even if 'beauty is an experience', which it is not, but either a 'quality' of an experience, perhaps, or it may be, an object of experience, it is rash to reduce it to a mere counting of heads. The fact that 'the next reader may come along and declare that it is a very bad poem' proves nothing at all about whether there is 'some peculiar quality which can be isolated and defined in the poem'. It may prove merely that the next reader lacks appreciation. As Miss Drew puts it later on, 'each reader gets the poetry he deserves'; but she is juggling with two senses of the word. The poetry he deserves and gets is part of his individual experience while reading: the quality of this experience does not necessarily prove anything of importance about the quality of the element common to all readings, the poem itself. Undoubtedly the consensus of competent opinion is the only evidence we have of the high quality of a poem; but the crucial test of a

poem's excellence is surely that its devotees can persuade other competent critics, originally indifferent or hostile, to share their admiration. If this is possible, it must be by virtue of some potentiality that was in the poem all along, but had not been clearly seen or adequately appreciated. It may be noted that Miss Drew herself speaks of the reader 'discovering', not 'inventing' poetry.

But this confusion itself is in a way creditable, arising as it does from her emphasis on the very important truth that the reader must be prepared to work, and work hard, for his enjoyment, not merely deepening, but broadening his appreciation. As an essay in sensitive and catholic appreciation of good poetry, the book has high merits, and more by example than by precept, might be of the greatest help in forming a sure and generous taste. It is a pity that the lavish and well chosen quotations show occasional signs of careless proof-reading, as on page 55, 'How rich and great the tunes are now.' But such slips are rare, and form a regrettable but not serious blemish on a very attractive book.

L. A. MacKAY

FRUSTRATED OXONIANS

SO A POOR GHOST, by Edward Thompson (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 311; \$2.25).

LOST HORIZON, by James Hilton (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 281; \$2.25).

THE economic and political upheaval of the past few years has called forth a flood of novels, the purpose and interest of which are manifestly more social than fictional, and it is among these that Mr. Thompson's latest volume must be ranked. Against a background of the magic and mystery of Central India is set a story of the petty intrigues of petty men who form its administration. A journalist of mildly socialist sympathies, Philip Rattray, formerly of the Indian Education Service, returns to Ryalgarh, a typical native state, in the spring of nineteen thirty-three, after an absence of twelve years. In spite of his previous experiences, he is full of an earnest, if somewhat shamefaced zeal for reforming India. *So a Poor Ghost* is the story of his disillusionment.

The affairs of Rattray are, however, merely a peg on which the author hangs a keenly critical survey of the Indian situation at the present time. In satire and in sermon, in season and out, Mr. Thompson bewails the blundering incompetence of Indian misgovernment, by both British officials and native princes. His greatest contempt and most biting ridicule are reserved for those arm-chair experts who know 'what India needs'. Mr. Thompson does not himself offer any very illuminating information on the subject, but that, it seems, is beside the point. A vivid picture is given of that latest complication of India's troubles, the new industrial class, living in unimaginable squalor, vaguely rebellious against they know not what, except starvation, vaguely yearning for they know not what, except food. This class, welded from every race and rank of India, is, for Mr. Thompson, the greatest of her problems.

The novel is also the tragedy of a lost generation, the generation of ghosts who were brought up in a

pre-war world and are compelled to live in the alien chaos of the post-war one; seeing the 'Old Gang' making a mess of things, and doomed to be superseded by the 'Young Gang' who seem very likely to make the same mistakes all over again, while their own whole duty would seem to be to make their exit from the stage as decently and as quickly as possible. For the pre-war generation the author has little but contempt; for all that belongs to it, from its politeness to its poetry his scorn is equally great, and he has little hope that the coming one will be able to work out India's salvation, if it even manages to save its own skin. Towards that part of 'our glorious Empire', his attitude would appear one of mere futility. He attempts neither to clarify issues nor to present a solution of them.

If the author's earnestness occasionally tends to render the tone of *So a Poor Ghost*, as well as its prose, somewhat heavy for a novel, his undoubted talent for satirical characterization and touches of a delightful humour are sufficiently redeeming features. It is significant that the satire is more telling in his conversation than in his indictment, where it is often too bitter to be effective. The panorama of Indian affairs, if disturbing, is vivid, provocative, and highly illuminating, and, as such, is quite adequate to sustain the interest of the reader without assistance from a rather tenuous plot.

It would appear that ruined-by-the-war heroes with Indian Civil Service connections are enjoying quite a vogue, for Mr. Hilton presents us with yet another of these nobly frustrated Oxonians. The locale is, again, the east, but, except for a minimum of sundry moralizings to the effect that 'chaos is come again', *Lost Horizon* is an excursion into the realms of pure fantasy. One Conway, the hero of the wasted life aforementioned, is evacuating refugees from the revolutionary area around Peshawar by air. The 'plane, with the hero, a female missionary, an American of doubtful past, and an ex-public schoolboy addicted to hero-worship, as passengers, lands in the desolate highlands of Tibet. The survivors are conducted to a nearby lamasery which combines all the charms of the traditional sinister monastic mystery with the comforts of nineteen-thirty plumbing. The strange happenings which befall them there form the material for an absorbing tale.

The plot is skillfully and lightly managed, and the characterization adequately convincing, though the bromidical Miss Brinklow is, perhaps, too well done. It is pleasant to discover such a well-written novel which aims no higher than the laudable purpose of amusing its readers, and so entirely succeeds in its attempt.

M. C. BODWELL

A GOETHE ANTHOLOGY

THE PRACTICAL WISDOM OF GOETHE, an Anthology chosen by Emil Ludwig; translated by F. Melian Stawell and Nora Purtscher-Wydenbruck (George Allen and Unwin; pp. 253; \$1.75).

FROM the whole body of Goethe's utterances, in the works, letters, and recorded conversations, a biographer of the poet has collected extracts illustrating his 'Lebensweisheit'. The two sections

of the book, 'Personality' and 'The World', represent Goethe's thoughts on personal culture and on man's relation to society. They show very clearly the exclusive, aristocratic attitude of the man. He placed his hope for the betterment of humanity in the ceaseless striving of each individual to master his own soul by unremitting effort in some wisely limited field of practical endeavour. 'To fathom what can be fathomed and to reverence the unfathomable, that is a thinker's purest joy.' 'Mankind? A mere abstraction. There have only been individual men, and there only will be,' and 'The man with insight enough to admit his limitations comes nearest to perfection.' Accordingly, in all that pertains to personality, in his remarks on Faith, Life, and Death, Activity, and Knowledge, Goethe offers much inspiring counsel. But it is counsel only for a self-reliant minority. When we turn to his thoughts on man's relation to the world, we find no comfort for those who long for the dominance of reason within societies and between the nations. Quite the contrary. His comments on Politics and Power, on The Community, War and Revolution, Germany, and Europe, reflect the profound disillusion of one who had seen the ideals of 1790 shattered by the nationalism of 1813. The extremism of 1933 would have occasioned him no surprise. 'The masses, the great majority, are bound to be absurd and wrong-headed, for they are lazy and error is much easier than truth,' and, a piece of cynicism, 'The masses want to be hoodwinked, and we are wrong if we don't do it for them.' The wars of nations were inevitable, but Goethe was determined not to sully his hands with propaganda. He even sheltered his son from military service during the Liberation. This contempt of man in the mass is his justification for that egoism for which he has so often been reproached. Though he is out of favour in Germany today, it would be possible to patch together some sort of defence of Nazism from his writings:—

Freedom they want, and at first it goes well,
But after a while it begins to be hell.

Should one deceive the people?

I answer: Certainly not!

But if you're determined to stuff them with lies,
See that your stuff is hot!

What solace does Ludwig, the democrat and internationalist, find in such sayings as these? Taken as a whole, this collection of potted wisdom is heavy reading, and many of the extracts cry out for a context. It is a poor substitute, even as a purveyor of 'wisdom', for the poems, or *Faust*, or the conversations with Eckermann. The translation is adequate.

C. LEWIS



SHORT NOTICES

CONSTITUTIONAL ISSUES IN CANADA, 1900-1931, edited by Robert MacGregor Dawson (Oxford University Press; pp. 482; \$4.00).

To the student this is a welcome and invaluable book, for it fills what has been a much evident gap in the meagre literature of Canadian government. The early constitutional history of Canada has been adequately presented in the volumes by Shortt and Doughty and Professor Kennedy. Professor Dawson's volume provides the coping-stone for the earlier books by giving us some of the essential materials for the study of recent constitutional problems; such problems as those of constitutional amendment, the senate, the organization of the civil service, and the distribution of powers within the federation. The source materials in the book are more varied than those to be found in the other volumes mentioned since they include not merely official documents, but also extracts from newspapers and current periodicals.

The task of selection involved in Professor Dawson's work was necessarily difficult, and it is hardly to be expected that all teachers of the subject will entirely agree with the apportionment of space to particular topics. The final chapter on Dominion-Provincial Relations, for example, might profitably have been extended. As it stands the chapter gives some forty-two pages to the subject, which is approximately the same number devoted respectively to the Governor-General's office (Chapter II) and to the Senate (Chapter V). In the public discussion of the last thirty years the Governor-General and the Senate may have claimed attention equal to that of the Dominion and the Provinces, but increasingly the latter in intrinsic importance outshines the others. Indeed, the supreme problem of the constitution today is to be found in the relations of provinces and federation, and the many Canadians who are not aware of the fact should be awakened to it.

The general impression which the reader gleans from the documents in Professor Dawson's book is the timid handling of constitutional issues by Canadian public men. The spirit of compromise bred by our federal system is expressed in every major public discussion on the constitution. Up to a point a compromising spirit may be a virtue, but its penalty in an age of rapid economic and social transition is only too evident. The leaders of the chief parties shrink from decisive atti-

tudes, and even more from decisive action, on constitutional issues. It is true that as recently as 1926 an election was fought and won on such an issue. But in perspective how miserable seems the so-called constitutional crisis of 1926. It was a crisis trumped up from the ambiguities of constitutional usage, and exploited for electoral purposes. The urgent requirement in Canadian democracy is boldness in making changes in the constitution necessary to fit the new needs of the community, but we are in an era of leaders who are exceptionally unheroic even in talk.

A. B.

THE FRAMEWORK OF AN ORDERED SOCIETY, by Sir Arthur Salter (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 57; 75 cents).

This little book consists of three lectures which Sir Arthur Salter delivered early this year at Cambridge. One could hardly praise it too highly for the persuasive skill with which he presents his case for a new twentieth-century Liberalism. In 75 pages he presents an almost perfect exposition of the type of Liberalism which Mr. Vincent Massey and Mr. Francis Hankin have been preaching in Canada in recent months and which Messrs. J. W. Dafoe, W. H. Moore and W. L. Mackenzie King have been denouncing. The first lecture deals with 'The Need for a New System' and gives the argument for the necessity of planning under present economic conditions, internal and international. Planning, however, he believes, does not involve complete socialism; and in the second lecture he discusses 'Institutional Self-Discipline', giving the outlines of a scheme for using existing business organizations in a planned system of production and distribution. In the third lecture he discusses 'The Role of Governments and Economic Advisory Councils'. There is room for only one quotation, which is given because it seems to fit our Canadian situation as if it had been written with Ottawa in mind:—

For economic problems deliberate planning, consecutive thinking and careful elaboration of the main policy, without the disturbing influence of sectional pressure, are essential. Parliamentary government, as it now operates, makes this impossible. Parliament consists of a heterogeneous mass of persons distinguished from their fellows by the qualities that please electors or party committees. In their contact with the executive's task of continuous government and elaboration of economic policy they are at once inept and sectionally minded, at once ineffective and exacting. In such an environment a Minister cannot plan, he can only improvise. . . . A modern Minister is

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JOSEPH McCULLLEY, B.A.
Headmaster.

ex officio an improviser and an opportunist, and he is *ex officio* a weary man—perhaps a weary Titan, but certainly weary.

Sir Arthur Salter will have to be added to the Index of the *Winnipeg Free Press* as an advocate of 'dictatorship'.
F. H. U.

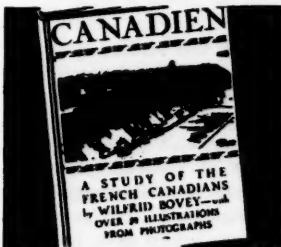
A PICTURE HISTORY OF CANADA, by Kathleen Moore and Jessie McEwen (Thomas Nelson and Sons; pp. 103; \$2.75).

The forty-seven coloured plates of this *Picture History of Canada* have been chosen to illustrate the discovery, exploration, and social and economic development of Canada from the voyages of Lief Ericson to the building of motor roads and the employment of aeroplanes in the work of the state. It is a good collection, representing a wide variety of achievements, occupations, and customs, which will prove a welcome addition to children's libraries and a 'find' for those parents who have despaired of coming across anything new to interest young Canadians in the history of their own country.

The purpose of the book is to give 'to young readers a vivid background for a more detailed narrative of our country's history'. From this point of view the text is disappointing. While the treatment of some of the subjects is vivid and to the point—Lief Ericson and *The Great Intendant*, for example—the tendency has been to crowd too much detail into the few paragraphs accompanying each picture, often producing a somewhat dull synopsis of many events rather than the vivid portrayal of one or two which one would expect in a 'picture history'. For instance—to mention one example only—a full quarter of the section on Henry Hudson is purely introductory—. . . . We know nothing of his early life. His first appearance in history is while commanding an expedition to discover a North-East passage to Asia. . . . etc.' The book is frankly not a political history, but does devote a few pages to outstanding

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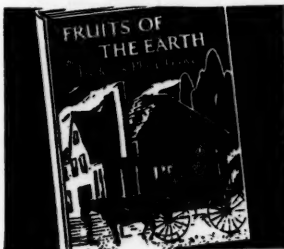


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Published five years ago, this book is already taking its place among the Canadian classics. The late Fred Jacob, in a review in the *Mail and Empire*, said: 'Of all the Canadian books that I have read, it is the only one that I should like to have written.'

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political events. Unfortunately so much has been condensed into these few pages that, though they may prove a useful guide to teachers and parents, they will leave a rather jumbled impression on the mind of the young reader. Inaccuracies, too, are evident in the sections on political development, as, for instance, the statements that '... in 1848 Lord Elgin ... put the Act of Union into force', and that, 'The Act (B.N.A.) was passed on July 1, 1867.'

R. M. U.

EYES OF THE WILDERNESS, by Charles G. D. Roberts (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 269; \$2.50).

Long ago Mr. Roberts won for himself, and maintained, an enviable reputation as a writer of animal stories. It was not for nothing that W. H. Hudson, the greatest naturalist-writer in English, referred to his work with interest and commendation. What Hudson accomplished through scrupulous observation and record and an almost intuitive insight — the penetration of the springs of animal life—Roberts attempted with a large degree of success through the medium of fiction—fiction that was faithful at once to the exacting art of narrative and to nature. His skill to call up the atmosphere and homely details of a backwoods farm, the dusky silence of the deep bush, the sunlit reaches of marshland, or the shining vitality of a river, and to spin a convincing, absorbing tale of the furtive, eager life that each contains, often transcended mere ability and could only have been the happy result of sure knowledge, deep affection, and a vigorous imagination.

But Mr. Roberts' gift as an animal writer was at best limited. It failed to develop the variety and continuous change of growth. Having run its certain gamut of pictures and adventures there was nothing for it but repetition, with the inevitable consequences. It is therefore with disappointment but no surprise that, after a long silence, one picks up this new volume to find that the old magic has departed. The familiar settings are there, and many of the characters that were once instinct with life and vigour, but they now refuse to come alive. The descriptions, once firm and brief as the bold strokes of a charcoal drawing, have become faint pencilings, and the creatures move dimly and mechanically about their exciting affairs. The old manner and the old mannerisms are there, too ('Spring came late that year to the upper Otanooosis'), but the zest which made us pardon their repetition has gone and

leaves them lifeless forms. Besides, in *Eyes of the Wilderness* man bulks more largely than in most of the earlier books, and Mr. Roberts has never been happy in drawing human characters. The best that one can say for these stories is that they are competent and that they will entertain many new readers. But those who knew the old Roberts had better leave them alone. And how bare the book looks without the inimitable illustrations of Charles Livingston Bull!

H. K. G.

THE OLD MAN DIES, by Elizabeth Sprigge (Macmillans in Canada; 1933; pp. 349; \$2.50).

Among the many hundreds of novels published every year there are several score that are competently written and pleasant to read. There are a very few that should not be missed. *The Old Man Dies* is one of those very few. The situation is not original; families held together by an elder of unexpectedly long life are rather the fashion. And when, on picking up this book, I noticed a genealogical table at the end I felt a dismal shudder of recognition. It was premature. The family tree is commendably short and actually superfluous, for even if we do get the exact relationships a little mixed at times, it does not greatly matter. Nor does Miss Sprigge need an interminable saga to make us share the family spirit of the Rushbrookes in all its complexity, as they live under the shadow of the Old Man's tiresome longevity; or to bring fully to life the various personalities of his wife and grown-up sons and daughters: Emily, the still youngish woman tied to an invalid, Tom, the good and reliable—but I will not attempt to describe all those people in phrases of a few words. That would only mislead, for they are people, not types, and with each of them we attain a degree of intimacy which is rare in life, and much rarer in novels.

There is nothing here that is superfluous, the style is crisp and telling, it flows with a deceptive ease from the false alarm of the first illness to the death a year later. And during this time, though we never, quite rightly, meet the Old Man in person, we come to feel with uncomfortable distinctness his subtly disintegrating influence over all their so different lives. Death, birth, marriage, children, sex, dishonesty, and selfless devotion are all treated with simple frankness, with a clearness of vision that is not afraid to condemn, yet with an intimate understanding that prevents vapid moralizing. And some of the scenes, such as the reading of

the will, the groping of mother and daughter towards intimacy after many years of indifferent aloofness, are drawn by a master hand.

A book to buy, to read, and to keep.
G. M. A. G.

THE POLITICAL AND SOCIAL DOCTRINE OF FASCISM, by Benito Mussolini (Hogarth Press; Day to Day Pamphlets, No. 18; pp. 26; 1/—).

This is an authorized translation of an article contributed by the Duce to the *Enciclopedia Italiana* in 1932. It gives a very orthodox interpretation of what the new Italian state professes to be its intellectual basis. But either Mussolini is a brilliant writer or he has a brilliant secretary, and the result is a most readable pamphlet. A few extracts can be quoted as giving a taste of what the whole is like. 'After the War, in 1919, Socialism was already dead as a doctrine; it existed only as a hatred.' 'If the bourgeoisie think that they will find lightning-conductors in us, they are the more deceived.' 'Fascism repudiates the doctrine of Pacifism—born of a renunciation of the struggle and an act of cowardice in the face of sacrifice. War alone brings up to its highest tension all human energy and puts the stamp of nobility upon the peoples who have the courage to meet it.' 'Fascism believes in holiness and in heroism; that is to say, in actions influenced by no economic motive, direct or indirect.' 'As for Italian unity, its debt to Liberalism is completely inferior to that which it owes to the work of Mazzini and Garibaldi, who were not Liberals.' 'The State is the force which alone can provide a solution to the dramatic contradictions of capitalism.' 'For Fascism the growth of Empire is an essential manifestation of vitality. Peoples which are rising, or rising again after a period of decadence, are always imperialist; any renunciation is a sign of decadence and death.' There is nothing new in this but it is stated with a refreshing frankness.

F. H. U.

THAT IMMORTAL SEA, by Clifford Bax (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 343; \$2.25).

INLAND FAR, by Clifford Bax (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 248; \$2.25).

These two books constitute the second and third volumes of the Bedford edition of Mr. Bax's works. The printers have done their part well: the appearance, size, paper and print are worthy of any complete series.

Inland Far was originally published in 1925, and fully deserves reprinting. Though autobiographical, it is really,

just as it professes to be, a book of thoughts and impressions. Its gently flowing style carries us along many unexpectedly agreeable by-lanes of thought where we are glad to dally with the author, and here and there we cross a main road at a refreshingly unusual angle. It should be read and enjoyed at quiet moments when we have withdrawn ourselves from the headlong haste of life that daily rushes us on in spite of ourselves for three-quarters of our waking moments, as I myself read it with keen delight when confined by incipient, but not unkindly, influenza. Some of the personalities, especially in the earlier years, will be unknown to any but the middle-aged, but even a young reader will find them full of life and significance, and the author's views on people and literature are always interesting. The Scot Buddhist monk whose personality dominates the end of the book is striking enough, but I could wish that he had not so much lured Mr. Bax away from any real contact with his own personal life into metaphysical discussions, where we now and again miss the graceful charm of style and thought which pervade the rest of the book.

That Immortal Sea, which seems to

appear here for the first time, confirms that impression. It is a discussion of the immortality of the soul and the contemporary attitude to the problems of sex. I fear that Mr. Bax's mind is not quite of the calibre that can compel a reader to follow his more abstract lucubrations with any very great pleasure. He is indeed far less detached in general discussion than in personal recollection (by no means an unusual trait), and is more than once the prey of prejudice. The recurrent jibe at 'university minded' people, meaning those for whom intellectual convictions are a mere game without any effect on their life, is as vulgar as it is undeserved. Immortality he approaches from a mystical and a Buddhist point of view, but he does not tell us enough of either Buddhism or mysticism to justify his rambling at such length to the conclusion that the scientific atheist is mistaken. If we grant that, his conceptions of God and the soul are far too vague and indefinite either to capture the imagination or appeal to the intellect. His best description of the soul as an ever-changing entity without stable core does not occur in this book, but in *Inland Far*.

In his discussion of sex, his analysis

of the rapid changes that have taken place in the last generation is good, though he overestimates their extension, but he should not class all believers in more sexual freedom as believers in promiscuity. He is entirely right to attach great importance not only to the discovery of contraceptives, but also to the economic subjection of women, as vital factors in the situation, but his view of the future is a little jaundiced. Also, however well he hides it, he has a very poor opinion of the other sex, as is proved by the words:—

many women would become pregnant by their lovers, and only one in a million would resist the overwhelming temptation to secure the child's position and life-long support by attributing it to her husband.

This is such an outrageous libel on the modern woman as to all but disqualify the author from discussing her.

G. M. A. G.

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AN IRRATIONAL 'SCIENCE'

The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.
Sir,

Has current political economy any more right to the title of 'science' than the Ptolemaic astronomy had? Are not both of them built up on a fundamental untruth? At almost every step the economic student finds himself up against commonsense and ethics. Let us take a few simple instances. Have we not the highest authority for the statement that 'the hailstorm that breaks all the glass in a rich man's conservatory' is a boon to the community as a whole? Every time the glare of a burning church lights the Canadian horizon, the spark of hope is rekindled in the breasts of devout but half-starved masons and carpenters. On what rational or moral principle can we justify the sending to the penitentiary of a public benefactor? The slogan, 'The more destruction, the more prosperity', grates horribly on the moral and rational nerves of a common layman; but he recalls the war, with its romping prosperity and the almost complete disappearance of crime and unemployment, and he wonders whether it is really his brains that are addled.

Time after time leading statesmen, bankers, and ecclesiastics have repeated the howler of 'Spend Less', without provoking even the gentlest murmur of protest from any economist. Overproduction (too much, either actual or potential, of everything) is axiomatic in every business circle. Whatever 'Thanksgiving' there may have been this year, on the part of thinking Canadians, has surely been for drought and grasshoppers. Yet we are gavelly assured that 'keeping up with the Joneses', viz., over-spending, has brought us to our present plight of plethora. In school-boy terms, the more you take from a given output of goods, the more there will be left. In what other scientific field can the multiplication table and the horse sense of the human race be defied so light-heartedly?

Statistics are constantly confirming, what is reiterated in thousands of desolated homes, that mankind is becoming actually richer every year that passes; able to produce ever more of real

wealth with ever less expenditure of human labour. Yet we are unceasingly entreated to 'pull in our belts'. As a matter of fact, public services have been substantially curtailed, and the standard of living reduced, during the last few years. In view of this irrepressible torrent of real wealth, which has to be dammed up by all sorts of artificial devices or even sheer destruction, could any counsel or any course of action be more truly lunatic? How many economists have denounced it for the madness that it is?

Finally we have the War Debts and Reparations tangle. 'To the victors the spoils' is a slogan verified by human experience through scores of centuries. And the 20th century declares it an impossibility, an hallucination. The creditor nation will be worse off, possibly ruined, if it accepts the spoils in any possible form. That which victors everywhere have done gleefully for ages, is a stark impossibility for the modern victor!

Is not the most reasonable explanation of these flagrant contradictions this—that we have adopted, during the last century or so, a Monetary System which is inherently unscientific, and flatly at variance with natural, moral, and physical laws?

Yours, etc.,

J. C. WILSON

Montreal

THE OXFORD SUPPLEMENT

The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM,
Sir:

On the completion in 1928 of the *New English Dictionary On Historical Principles*, it was announced by the Oxford University Press that a copy of the *Supplement*, then in preparation, would be presented to every owner of a complete set of the Dictionary.

The *Supplement* is now ready for publication. It contains close upon a thousand pages, and, in addition to words introduced into the language since the completion of the main work, includes an account of the making of the Dictionary, together with a list of the multitude of books consulted for it—unique and valuable bibliography.

A copy of the *Supplement* in paper covers is offered gratis to those holders of the complete Dictionary (A-Z), as published 1884-1928, who make application for it. Letters requesting details of the conditions governing this offer, and particulars of the extra cost of other bindings, should be addressed to the Oxford University Press at Amen House, University Avenue, Toronto. As all applications must be in London by the end of December, immediate action is advisable.

Your courtesy in publishing this letter will be greatly appreciated.

Yours, etc.,

S. B. GUNDY

Oxford University Press,
Canadian Branch.

Toronto

A LITERARY COMPETITION

The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM,
Sir:

As many of your readers are already aware, the Women's Canadian Club of Toronto has for some time past held an annual literary competition. The customary prize of one hundred dollars will be awarded this season, 1933-34, for the best essay on the subject, 'Art and Canadian Life'. Writers will be expected to consider the subject from such aspects as the following:—

'Art . . . application of skill and taste in the expression of beauty in form, colour, sound, speech or movement.'

—*Webster's Dictionary.*

'It is the fact that art, so far as it is truly art, is a union of the serviceable and the immediate enjoyable, that makes it impossible to institute a difference in kind, between useful and fine art. . . . The only basic distinction is that between bad art and good art.'

—*John Dewey.*

'In the general disorder, in the universal breakdown of equilibrium, the need for order and equilibrium is more imperative than ever. It is natural that the artist should appear . . . because he is . . . the sole man of order who exists. His unique function is to combine with other artists so as to be able to create with them the style that defines their civilization . . . the artist being the most civilized of all men. . . . Except for the lyrical expression of its emotion, the poetic, plastic, or musical stylization of its sensibility, a people leaves nothing behind.'

—*Elie Faure.*

The conditions of the competition are as follows:—

1. The contest is open to professional and non-professional writers alike, throughout the Dominion.
2. The essay must not exceed 3,000 words in length.

3. Each candidate shall be required to submit three copies of his or her manuscript.
4. All manuscripts must be typewritten on one side only, double spaced, and each copy signed with the writer's pseudonym, printed or typewritten. The name and address of the writer must be enclosed in a separate sealed envelope, on the outside of which must appear the writer's pseudonym. A stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed if return of manuscript is desired.
5. The appearance of the writer's name on any manuscript will disqualify that manuscript.
6. Manuscripts should be addressed to the secretary of the Women's Canadian Club of Toronto, 69 Bloor Street East, and should be sent by registered mail.
7. All manuscripts must be delivered as directed on or before March 1st, 1934.
8. Judges will be chosen from among well-known critics in Canada.

Yours, etc.,

ISABEL R. ERICHSEN BROWN
Convener, Literary Competition,
Women's Canadian Club.

Toronto

BOOKS RECEIVED

CANADIAN

CANADIAN PAPERS, 1933 (Canadian Institute of International Affairs; pp. 99; \$.75).

SO THIS IS OTTAWA, by Leslie Roberts (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xii, 222; \$2.50).

NO. 4 CANADIAN HOSPITAL. The Letters of Prof. J. J. Mackenzie (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 247; \$2.50).

CANADIAN, by Wilfred Bovey (J. M. Dent; pp. 293; paper, \$1.50; cloth, \$2.00).

THE MEMOIRS OF THE RT. HON. SIR GEORGE FOSTER, by W. Stewart Wallace (Macmillans in Canada; pp. vi, 291; \$3.50).

A PICTURE HISTORY OF CANADA, by Kathleen Moore and Jessie McEwen (Thomas Nelson; pp. viii, 103; \$2.75).

THE ART OF THE NOVEL, by Pelham Edgar (Macmillans in Canada; pp. x, 481; \$3.50).

RECOVERY BY CONTROL, by Francis Hankin and T. W. L. MacDermot (J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd.; pp. ix, 360; \$2.00).

GENERAL

WORLD ECONOMIC SURVEY, 1932-33 (League of Nations; pp. 345; \$1.50).

LOST HORIZON, by James Hilton (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 281; \$2.25).

AR WILDERNESS, by Eugene O'Neill (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 159; \$3.00).

GIVE YOUR HEART TO THE HAWKS, by Robinson Jeffers (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 199; \$2.75).

TESTAMENT OF YOUTH, by Vera Brittain (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 661; \$3.00).

ICARO, by Lauro De Bosis (Oxford University Press; pp. x, 201; \$2.50).

THE STATUTE OF WESTMINSTER 1931, by K. C. Wheare (Oxford University Press; pp. 128; \$1.75).

SO A POOR GHOST, by Edward Thompson (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 311; \$2.00).

DARE THE SCHOOL BUILD A NEW SOCIAL ORDER? by George S. Counts (John Day; pp. 56; \$.25).

THE INTELLIGENT MAN'S REVIEW OF EUROPE TODAY, by G. D. H. Cole & M. I. Cole (Ryerson Press; pp. 864; 6/-).

WHAT EVERYBODY WANTS TO KNOW ABOUT MONEY, by G. D. H. Cole (Ryerson Press; pp. 544; 5/-).

THE QUEEN AND MR. GLADSTONE, by Philip Guedalla (Mussion; pp. vii, 457; \$5.00).

AR KING, by W. Somerset Maugham (Doubleday, Doran & Gundy; pp. 306; \$2.50).

I, GOVERNOR OF CALIFORNIA, by Upton Sinclair (Upton Sinclair; pp. 64; \$.20).

PROBLEMS OF PEACE, Seventh Series (Thos. Nelson; pp. xvi, 285; \$2.75).

CRY HAVOC!, by Beverley Nichols (Doubleday, Doran & Gundy; pp. 275; \$2.00).

THE PRACTICAL WISDOM OF GOETHE, chosen by Emil Ludwig (Thomas Nelson; pp. 253; \$1.75).

CHARACTER AND PERSONALITY (Thomas Nelson; pp. 95; \$.60).

WHO'S WHO IN THE THEATRE. Compiled and Edited by John Parker (Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons; pp. vii, 1881; \$9.00).

THE NATURE OF HISTORY, by Sir Henry Lambert (Oxford University Press; pp. viii, 94; \$1.50).

THE BRITISH ISLES, by L. Dudley Stamp and S. H. Beaver (Longmans, Green; pp. xii, 719; \$7.00).

GERMANY ENTERS THE THIRD REICH, by Calvin B. Hoover (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 243; \$3.00).

NATURE AND NURTURE, by Lancelot Hogben (Williams & Norgate; pp. 143; 6/6).

THE SHORT BIBLE. Edited by Edgar J. Goodspeed and J. M. P. Smith (Macmillans in Canada; pp. x, 545; \$2.50).

THE FEAR OF THE DEAD IN PRIMITIVE RELIGION, by Sir James George Frazer (Macmillans in Canada; pp. viii, 204; \$3.00).

EVERYBODY'S LAMB, by Charles Lamb (Clarke, Irwin; pp. xxvii, 554; \$3.00).

THE CURIO SHOP, by E. M. Penn (Cape-Nelson; pp. 256; \$2.00).

A MODERN PRELUDE, by Hugh L'anson Fausset (Cape-Nelson; pp. 314; \$3.00).

HOSANNA, by Bernard Newman (Archer; pp. 287; 7/6).

SHAKESPEARE, OXFORD AND ELIZABETHAN TIMES, by Rear-Admiral H. H. Holland (Archer; pp. vii, 240; 12/6).

THE GOLDEN PILGRIMAGE, by Sirdar Ikbal and Ali Shah (Archer; pp. 299; 8/6).

THE MILK IN THE COCOANUT, by W. Barnard Faraday (Archer; pp. 261; 7/6).

THE INDUSTRIAL DISCIPLINE, by Rexford G. Tugwell (Columbia University; pp. 241; \$2.50).

NO SENSE IN FORM, by Beresford Egan (Archer; pp. vi, 287; 7/6).



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